JOHN BULL, week ending July 29, 1944

JOHN BULL

VOL. LXXVI. 1989

3D. EVERY THURSDAY

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GERMAN NAVY'S LAST GASP

THE RACE FOR BERLIN by A.G.G.

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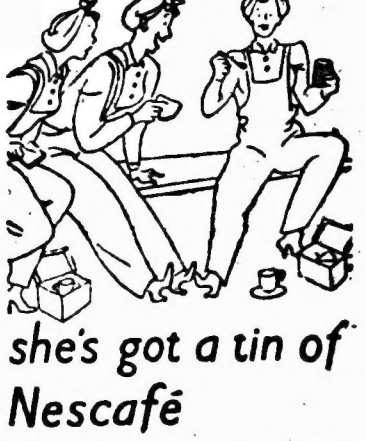

she's got a tin of Nescafé

We regret that it must be rather a matter of luck to get a tin of Nescafé these days. Under war-time conditions it is impossible to meet the increased demand, and grocers are rationed. Nescafé is so convenient: no mess, no grounds, no coffee-pot to wash up. But what a good, stimulating, fragrant drink you can enjoy when you *do* get a chance to buy a tin.

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FOOD FACTS

4 tasty suggestions for cold main-meal dishes

Bacon, sausages, scrambled eggs, pilchards, go to make these tempting recipes. Combined with crisp greenstuff and a tasty dressing, they make delicious, substantial dishes for four people. You'll notice they're made with finely shredded raw cabbage heart. If you've never tasted this, you have a treat in store! Cabbage heart has a delightful flavour; and cabbage is particularly rich in Vitamin C—the vitamin we're missing from fresh fruit. Be sure to try these recipes!

Sausage Salad

4 sausages; 4 large cold boiled potatoes, sliced; 1 small onion or leek, chopped; mixed pickle, chopped; 4 breakfastcups finely shredded cabbage heart; salad dressing; watercress. Tomatoes or radishes if available.

Boil the sausages for 15 minutes and allow to cool. When cold, skin and slice. Mix all ingredients except watercress with sufficient salad dressing to moisten. Pile in bowl and decorate with watercress and tomatoes or radish if available.

Potato & Bacon Salad

1½ lb. potatoes, raw diced; 2 tablesps. chopped onion or leek; 2 tablesps. vinegar; 4 rashers bacon cut in small pieces and fried; 2 tablesps. hot bacon fat; salt and pepper; 4 breakfastcups shredded raw cabbage heart; 2 tablesps. chopped parsley.

Cook potatoes and half the onion or leek in a very little boiling salted water until tender. Drain and mix with remaining onion or leek, bacon, vinegar, bacon fat, salt and pepper. Allow to cool. Serve on finely shredded cabbage heart and sprinkle with chopped parsley.

Coleslaw Salad Dressing

2 level tablesps. flour; 1 level tablesp. dried egg (dry); 1 level teasp. mustard; 1 level teasp. sugar; 1 level teasp. salt; pepper; ½ pint milk, or vegetable water; 1 oz. margarine; 4 tablesps. vinegar.

Mix flour, egg, mustard, sugar, salt and pepper. Mix to a smooth paste with a little of the milk or vegetable water. Boil remaining liquid, pour on to blended flour, return to pan and bring to boil. Boil 5 minutes. Remove from heat and add margarine. Mix well and add vinegar.

Pilchard Salad

4 pilchards; 2 cooked potatoes, diced; ½ tablesp. chopped parsley; 1 chopped onion or leek; 2 tablesps. salad dressing; 4 breakfastcups finely shredded cabbage heart; watercress; radishes.

Flake the fish, mix with the potatoes, 1 tablesp. parsley and onion or leek and sufficent dressing to moisten. Pile on to shredded greens and decorate with remaining parsley watercress and radishes.

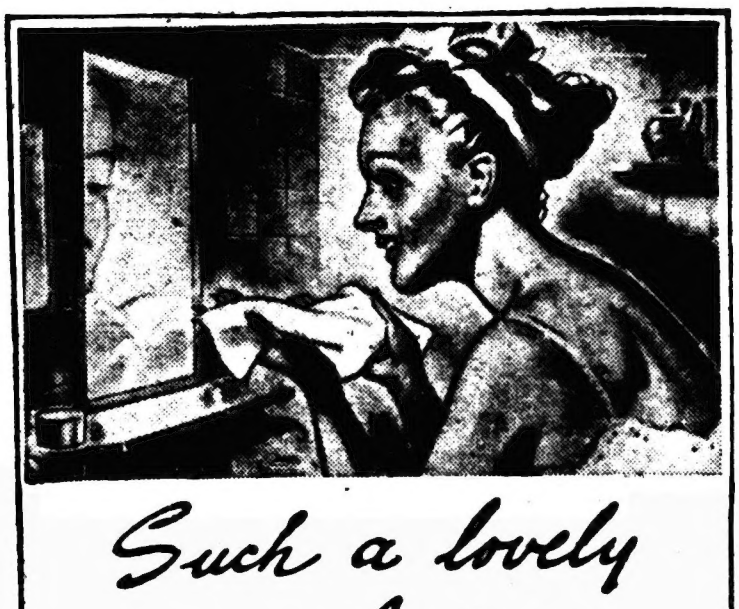
Scrambled Egg Salad

1 oz. margarine; 3 dried eggs reconstituted; 4 tablesps. milk; seasoning; 4 spring onions or 1 leek; ½ lb. cabbage heart; 1 lb. cooked potatoes, sliced; ½ lb. cooked green peas; 2 or 3 cooked carrots, sliced; chopped mint; salad dressing.

Melt margarine in a pan. Mix the eggs, milk, half the onion and seasoning and pour into pan. Cook gently until just set; leave to cool. Shred cabbage finely and mix in rest of chopped onion. Place in bottom of salad bowl. Pile in eggs and arrange potato, carrots and peas round it. Sprinkle with chopped mint. Serve with salad dressing.

Listen to the Kitchen Front on Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday and Friday at 8.15 a.m.

THE MINISTRY OF FOOD, LONDON, W.1. FOOD FACTS No. 211



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NEW HOUSES

are not being built yet . . . . what about buying the house you are renting?

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JOHN BULL

Thursday, for week ending Saturday, July 29, 1944,
93, Long Acre, W.C.2. Telephone: Temple Bar 2468

"Come the three corners of the world in arms,
And we shall shock them; naught shall make us rue
If England to itself do rest but true."

Straight from the Shoulder

GOING STRONG

WE have not heard the last of the "revolt" in Berlin. As the Allied armies roll forward, the German generals will no doubt make fresh attempts to remove the stranglehold of Hitlerism.

And our armies *are* rolling swiftly on.

In the south, the Germans have been swept back 2,250 miles—across desert and scrub from El Alamein to Bizerta, through the olive groves of Sicily and along the spine of Italy.

In the east, their retreat has been unbroken for 670 miles from Voronezh to Brest-Litovsk, 770 miles from Stalingrad to the Rumanian border.

Great Issues

So far, in the west, the battle area has been small.

It is clear that Rommel means to fight it out in Normandy; if we can beat him there we shall hold the key to France.

Montgomery stretched out a hand for the key last week—but did he reach quite far enough?

Sudden Stop

The air forces prepared the way on a terrifying scale and to a new design. Artillery preparation, too, was thorough. The tanks surged forward, with infantry ready for ferocious in-fighting.

And suddenly the whole momentous advance came to a halt. Why?

It is no explanation that we came up against anti-tank defences. They must have been anticipated. Is our fault still, as captive German officers suggest, that we do not follow up our gains quickly enough, and are too intent on "consolidating" them rather on converting an advance into a break-through?

Where's Patton?

Meanwhile, the enemy has been giving much attention to Gen. Patton. They could not understand why his name was absent from the news when they were convinced that he should be in the picture somewhere. Now, almost with a breath of relief, they report that his men are fighting with the British and Canadians.

Temperament

As temperamental as an opera singer, he will weep when he visits a military cemetery, but within an hour will be cursing luridly over a trifle. For all his pearl-handled revolvers, this "Blood-and-Guts" American is one of the best generals we have; the enemy relief is likely to be short-lived.

He is not the only one likely to win new fame in the final battles.

The Biggest-Ever

Again, though air support has been on the most intensive scale the world has ever seen, it is possible that Sir Trafford Leigh-Mallory will be able to exceed the terrible new records he has set up.

To say more would be unwise. But it is safe to reveal that some of the most spectacular successes of recent weeks have been achieved by novel means.

Hundred Per Cent.

Thus, the Normandy battles witness the first full-scale use of the rocket fired from aircraft.

Typhoons, which can carry eight rockets each, were required to put out of action on D-Day every radio station from Belgium to Brest. We now know that 95 per cent. of the stations were silenced, the rest jammed; a notable contrast to the results achieved by the Germans' indiscriminate flying-bomb.

Steady Progress

Across the Continent, the Russian steamroller has thundered to within 470 miles of Berlin.

Our Allies are determined that the lights shall go up in Europe before the winter, and they are throwing everything into the struggle. You can judge of that by the fact that in just one sector fifty-three generals are engaged.

Koniev's Plan

Indeed, the various Russian offensives have become too numerous to analyse. But one deserves especial notice.

It is clear that Marshal Koniev is intent on swinging round his 1st Ukrainian Army Group to isolate the whole Balkan peninsula and so cut off all the German armies between the Carpathians and the Black Sea!

Even more dramatic events are in the making.

Diamonds On It

Our worst enemies in Italy are still weather and country. To say that is not to discredit the German forces there.

Kesselring has pulled together their remnants and is employing them skilfully. Even though he is not quite a match for the man who is probably the finest general produced by this war—Alexander—he deserves something better than the Iron Cross studded with Swords and Diamonds which Hitler has just awarded him.

Inevitable End

For that flashy decoration has become an evil omen. In recent years it has been followed by disgrace, dismissal—or death.

Besides, the end of the Italian campaign is inevitable. Only heavy reinforcements could enable the Germans to hold out in the north; and they certainly cannot be spared from the other two fronts.

Generals in Revolt

Indeed, they may soon be needed to restore order in Berlin itself, judging by the alleged attempt on Hitler's life.

Is it the beginning of the end? Is the German High Command in favour of suing for peace?

We should be wise to let events answer those questions, for the facts are still not clear. But it is certain that there has been serious discontent among the enemy's generals for a long time.

Peace Plots

Von Rundstedt and others have been suspected of plotting for peace. Von Falkenhausen had to be removed from his governorship of Belgium. Even the Prussian Old Guard was shocked by the Gestapo murders of captive Allied officers.

Not only Hitler and Himmler will keep an eye on their Service chiefs during the next few weeks!

Look to the Left

Allied leaders, too, should watch their step. Evidence is mounting that Italy will not be the only liberated country to show a pronounced move towards the political Left.

We shall have to be extremely careful of the type of interim government which we are willing to recognise, lest we treat with place-hunters who will be overthrown as "reactionaries" by their own people at the first opportunity.

Service Leave

Our Government must avoid causing resentment, too, among the liberators. When Service leave is resumed it must see that the men in Normandy are not penalised but receive the same chances as soldiers on home service.

Man of temper and tears, Gen. Patton is a puzzle to the Germans

Major Henderson, of the War Office, has certainly not pleased the troops far overseas with his suggestion that they prefer to serve a five-year term before returning to the Old Country.

Ten-Year Plan

Whereas Mr. Robert Hudson is wisely plumping for a ten-year plan—not for troops but for the army of land workers.

He is encouraging farmers to aim at a stabilised industry far beyond the four-year term now laid down.

Up the Highlands!

Next of the long-sighted Ministers is Mr. Tom Johnston. He is anxious to make the Scottish Highlands a big tourist centre after the war. He is planning also to attract industry to the Caledonian Canal area with the lure of cheap power, cheap transport, and cheap land.

Nationalisation!

A third Minister, Sir Wm. Jowitt, daringly suggests that the land, *all* land, should be publicly owned.

His courage calls for tribute. His arguments will be disputed only by the landlords. But we may doubt whether his colleagues are prepared to risk Die-hard opprobrium by giving him much support.

Woolton's Sense

Fourthly, Lord Woolton has brought down the Government fist heavily on the side of Social Security. He is wise to point out that the major cost of improved social services will be borne by the people who will benefit from them; that being so, what excuse is there for vested interests to s: vel and obstruct?

Better Doctors

The last few days, in fact, have been remarkable for foresight. The catalogue of good examples also includes the scheme for training doctors to be worthy of a national health scheme.

Perhaps the most revolutionary proposal is that every student will have to serve on a hospital staff for a year before being admitted to the medical register. And JOHN BULL's oft-repeated request that more women should be allowed to qualify has at last been heeded.

Averting Scandal

Finally, the Government's White Paper on the disposal of surplus stocks after the war aims at preventing a repetition of the notorious scandal which flourished in the early 1920s.

So, in all, it has been a good week, both on the military and home fronts. There is no reason to doubt that further progress will be reported next week!

(Continued overleaf)

FLY BOMB NOT MASTERED MORRISON WARNS—

"JOHN BULL" offers free to every civilian reader—including Fire Watchers, Home Guards, Police, N.F.S., Wardens, etc.—an Insurance Policy, underwritten at Lloyd's, against Air Raids and Gas Attacks, as well as Invasion and Bombardment.

This Policy covers husband and wife, and provides benefits for death and injury as defined caused by any action of Enemy, Allied or Home Defence Forces anywhere in the United Kingdom.

Readers who have not already registered can obtain Registration Forms from "John Bull's" Insurance Department, 128, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

Straight from the Shoulder —continued from preceding page

THE many and varied evacuation muddles have now sorted themselves out to a big extent and we do not propose to add to the difficulties of the authorities by airing minor grievances—annoying as they are to individuals.

There are, however, two suggestions that ought to be made.

Packed Schools

In some areas, school facilities are absolutely inadequate. One of our reporters, who has been studying the evacuation at first hand, says that in Leeds the position is so serious that many children from the south will soon forget what it's like to be at school.

Temporary arrangements, no matter how temporary, should be made to prevent these dangerous breaks in child education.

Got to Take It

The other suggestion is that more plans should be put into effect immediately for the evacuation of bedridden, old people. We have seen a letter from a patient in a London hospital for the aged. It is pathetic and very brave.

The women there have no shelter to go to. They are forbidden to leave the wards when the bombs are coming over. "I feel just like crying to-day," it says in the letter, "I suppose it must be my nerves."

Chance for Little Ones

The project for "Dream Homes for the Million," discussed in detail on the opposite page, ought to provide the private builder with the chance he deserves.

He has been crowded out of big Government contracts in the past because of that blanket excuse "concentration of industry." When local homes come to be built, local craftsmen must be employed.

"Keep Out"

Actually, there has never been any reason why small firms should have been ruined as they have. JOHN BULL pointed out a week or so ago that many small employers, particularly engineers, were being ignored by the big contractors, who get their orders (in both senses of the word) from the Government Departments.

Since then the "little men" have written to give us ample proof of the extent of this polite blackmail.

Always "No"

A Southend-on-Sea man has a small woodworking factory employing ten men. At least it would employ ten if the owners could get any work for them. He's asked for work on Army bags, on prefabricated houses, caravans for the bombed-out, boxes for ammunition. He's even asked if he can repair perambulators. Every time the answer's been "No."

Three Trips for One

The "big man" always comes off best. War time levelling-up hasn't shaken that principle yet. For instance . . .

In a North Midlands colliery town three pit officials live within a stone's throw of one another. They're taken to work in a car. Not all together, of course. Oh no, the car does three separate trips. While the fuel enforcement officer is probably busy looking for electric lamps left on unnecessarily.

Called Out

In the same area the driver of a Civil Defence depot had just finished his breakfast of bread and dripping the other morning when he got a call to go to the canteen suppliers. There was no bacon for the officers' breakfasts.

Piece of Pomposity

Talking of meals brings us to the complaint of a nurse in the West Country who tells us that sweets have been taken off the menu at the hospital where she works. This follows the appearance of a notice in the nurses' dining-room complaining of waste. The notice had this piece of pomposity: "Will nurses please think of the dangers risked by the merchant seamen trying to bring flour used for making bread to these islands, and endeavour to be more careful?"

Girls who are doing such a grand job these days don't have to be told that.

Congratulations

Home Guards, especially in the London and Southern England areas visited by the "doodle-bugs," have also been doing grand work. Whoever was responsible for deciding that Home Guards should be trained in Civil Defence should be congratulated.

Military discipline shows up at its best when the hideousness of bomb damage has to be coped with.

Relax!

In the country, though, there should be still more relaxation of military discipline.

Farmworkers, labouring as long as it's light, are still being fined methodically if they stay in the fields rather than attend parades.

EAST Russia

A.G.G. said it!

As far back as 1941, Mr. A. G. Gardiner made the following forthright pronouncement in JOHN BULL:

"The invasion of Russia has landed Hitler in a mighty catastrophe—perhaps the greatest military catastrophe in history."

To-day, as all the world knows, that prophecy has been more than fulfilled and the Russians are determined to pursue Hitler's fleeing hordes on German soil.

Broken Record

Only the other day a Devon farmer was fined £5 for missing a parade. He had written to tell his commanding officer that he had to look after 40 acres of land and 26 head of cattle absolutely single-handed. This man had joined the Home Guard voluntarily in 1940, but his help had been taken away.

In court the C.O. said he understood the difficulties of agricultural workers, and this was the first trouble he'd had with any of his men. It seems a pity he had to break his record.

Top Hat

A Middlesex reader paid 25s. 6d. for a hat which she found was faulty. When she told the shop people, they said it was worth only 3s. 11d., and what did she expect?

Comparison

The Board of Trade supplied figures and this explanation: "The apparently exorbitant rise in price of hats is partly due to the increased cost of materials in short supply, and the following table shows the prices of a similar hat before the war and to-day:

	Manufacturer	Wholesaler	Retailer
	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.
1939 ..	2 2	2 11	4 11
1944 ..	8 0	10 8	22 8

Taking Purchase Tax into consideration, the retailer's margin of profit is 60 per cent. No wonder so many of them can afford to be rude.

Sea Salvage

When the convoy sailed from Egypt the order was: "Every scrap of salvage to be packed and saved. None into the sea, as the U-boats might spot it." All very sensible.

What happened when the ships reached port over here? Everything—paper, tins, wooden packing-cases—was thrown overboard. A trooper who reports this got home to find his wife paying 3d. for a few sticks of firewood.

Battlefront Babies Reach Haven

AS the train drew alongside the platform the hope of the future pressed itself up against the carriage windows, smiled, and gave the V-sign.

Out of the doors they tumbled, these small refugees from the flying bombs, with dark and sunny hair flying in the wind, their vivid faces upturned like flowers to the sun.

It was a "mothers and babies" train, and the few over-fives on it were in capable charge of smaller brothers and sisters.

Nearly every child carried a bulging fibre suitcase or an even more bulging brown paper parcel. To the strange new life was carried, too, the most cherished relic from the old—a doll or teddy-bear.

All were bright. The cheerful, patient mothers (some of them very young) with bright ribbons in their hair, the older children (six to nine years was their average age), and the boys who manfully tackled the family luggage.

★ ★ ★

But it was the toddlers (eighteen months to five years) that deserved the most admiration.

Up and dressed in their bright little coats and berets since about six o'clock that morning, in the train since eight, it was now around tea-time and there wasn't a whimper in the lot, though some were too weary to smile.

Audrey, clasping a black doll with one hand, was holding a grubby handkerchief to her eyes with the other. Forgetting for a moment that these were battlefront babies and thinking that at last I had found a silent tear, I applied misfaken sympathy and was rapidly rebuked.

Cheerfully they step out to a new life.

Wrathful blue eyes emerged from behind the hankie and Audrey explained indignantly that it was "something from the engine in her eyes."

"Only kids cried." So I tried diplomacy and praised the black doll. Audrey, letting bygones be bygones, told me it was a brand new one. A doodle-bug just missed her, but it made a casualty of her other doll!

Then there was Georgie, trying to reach the rails with a stick. He was rescued from a horribly unsafe position by his mother. A sharp maternal slap was administered (no offence meant and no offence taken), and I learned that the war had been a regular godsend to Georgie.

He is a "fair terror for railways," and the gods of war have been kind enough to evacuate Georgie several times in his six short years.

In the bus which took us to a rest and reception centre baby Brenda began to yell for her tea.

Sun-tanned (don't ask me how she got it in just seven weeks of life) and imperious, she refused all proffered substitutes for a meal.

And at the rest centre, gay with flowers, the toddlers' tousled heads were inclined to droop over milk and orange juice; the bread and jam was eaten with unchildish lethargy.

Then nurses and helpers washed them and chatted with the mothers before the fortunate ones moved on to their billets.

But others remained. With a friendly warden I did a bit of billet-hunting in one of the poorest quarters of the northern town.

★ ★ ★

The warden said, "You'd be surprised what these folk can do in an emergency. Perhaps it's because very poor people have to be adaptable."

He was right. The little houses gradually absorbed our procession and at last we were left with but our biggest "problem"—Marlene, Carol and Brian Meadows.

Brian was only four; Marlene and Carol were twins of six. Steadily they refused to be parted. They had lost so much. Home, parents, all the serenity and security of happier infancy. It was unthinkable that they should lose one another.

But when Mrs. Wood opened the door of her six-roomed house the difficulty was over. "Of course you'll all stop together. It'll be a bit of a squeeze because two 'vacs come on Monday and I've got my lodgers—but we'll manage. She led the way into a cheerful kitchen and like a good general began mentally to arrange her resources.

"Dad," she announced, "can have the sofa in the front room for a bit. That'll fit us all in grand."

And, you know, it was grand.

ELIZABETH E. BROOKS.

HOUSING ON HOPES

EXCLUDING its probable cost, most people will be pleased with the kind of home which the Government hopes to provide for four million citizens during the first ten years of peace.

For the Central Housing Advisory Committee, set up two years ago, has wisely given first importance to the wishes of the women who will have to run these homes.

That is sensible. So is the decision to concentrate mainly on three-bedroomed dwellings, with two sitting-rooms, suitable for families of four or five people.

For the moment we pass over the sadly admitted fact that there is no likelihood of building more than 300,000 permanent houses of any kind during the first two years after armistice.

Last week's Parliamentary debate on this subject was enough to expose the shocking—numerical—inadequacy of the Government's building programme.

WITHOUT FEAR OR FAVOUR

★

By THE EDITOR

As regards the sort of house which it is proposed to build, however, it must be conceded that the Committee's plan will go far to satisfy public demand.

The new dwellings will provide at least one living-room free from constant interruption for meals, a place where the elders can sit in comfort and the children do their homework.

Adequate outbuildings, central heating, constant hot water, better arrangements for washing and drying clothes, thoroughly modern kitchens, generous cupboard space and freeze-free plumbing are other notable improvements included in the alternative designs.

All this is admirable, but . . . how much will one of these houses cost?

The Committee estimates that in March, 1939, it would have cost £467. Indeed, for that money it would have been larger, better finished, and far better planned than the average council house before that date.

Since then, however, building costs have soared to the heights. In many instances they have doubled—and they may go higher still before the war ends.

"Extensive building is possible," the Committee reports, "only if building costs bear a reasonable relationship to the general cost of living."

And, until they are brought into this relationship, the Committee is convinced that "the Government's programme of three to four million houses will never be completed."

So is JOHN BULL. When the war ends, our people will not only need "livable homes," but homes they can afford to live in.

And, as all the technical reports are complete, builders and architects ought to be hard at work putting some of these homes up at top speed in the districts where they are urgently required.

But the National Government has not yet dared to give the local authorities a national lead.

The parliamentary battle over land price proposals has only just been opened; the property owners are strongly entrenched.

Yet, unless the forces of progress win this battle—to give the community the right to buy land where it needs it at a fair and honest price—no local gain on the housing front will ever be consolidated.

Land and building costs are a vital factor in the general cost of living. They should have been controlled as firmly as the cost of food.

And we warn the Government that, when the troops come back from the war to these overcrowded islands, they will be in no mood to accept promise instead of performance or to line the pockets of speculators and profiteers.

In one of Gulliver's lesser known "Travels," he came across a mad architect planning to build houses from the ceilings downwards instead of from the foundations up.

That is roughly what we, as a nation, seem to be attempting in designing convenient and comfortable homes without giving them a firm price foundation.

Even the excellent suggestion that our post-war houses should be supplied with constant hot water ignores the fact that to-day thousands of homes cannot even count upon a constant supply of cold water, let alone hot!

And they never will be able to do so until some enterprising government gives Great Britain a water grid which will carry supplies to every home.

However, it is a solid gain that we do now know the sort of housing the country wants.

And one day the people will compel the Government to supply it at a reasonable price!

Grand Strategy of a Lunatic

HITLER has not enough troops to bar the Red Army's way into East Prussia.

But he has still enough troops to hold rete, Petsamo, Narvik, Hendaye, Toulouse, Marseilles, Genoa, Venice, Belgrade, Durazzo, Athens and Bucharest!

Yet the only excuse he can produce his official communiqués, which nounce the continuous withdrawals of e *Wehrmacht* all along the Eastern ont is the "crushing numerical periority of the enemy."

If the Germans at home and on the onts still have a grain of common nse, they must wonder whether they e being led by a lunatic.

They may lose Königsberg, the iddle of Prussia, while clinging desately to the Mediterranean island of hodes.

The Russians may march on Berlin, the swastika would still fly over ania, the diminutive capital of ania.

★ ★ ★

To prevent a breakthrough in Normandy, the German High Command has rush reinforcements from Italy across ndreds of miles of French territory ested by partisans.

In the same week it will rush reinforcements from France to Italy to prevent a threatening breakthrough there! The menace in Southern Poland is developing, and Hitler has not enough men to meet it.

Yet he keeps divisions opposite Murmansk and in Salonika. Last month he sent reinforcements to Helsinki, while entire armies in Esthonia and Latvia were already beginning to face encirclement and annihilation.

Is there any sense in it? or is it just the strategy of a lunatic?

The answer, perhaps, isn't so simple as the question.

Until the beginning of the sweeping Russian offensive and the invasion in the West, Hitler had some good reasons for sticking to most of his conquests in Europe.

He had to maintain his grip on Crete and the Dodecanese lest their evacuation might encourage Turkey to join the Allies. He had to hold Greece and Albania, otherwise Bulgaria, Hungary (with the Ploesti oilfields) might have broken away.

He had to stay put on the Cap North and Petsamo, otherwise the flood of Anglo-American supplies would have rolled unhampered to Murmansk.

Germany's need of Spanish high-grade iron ore, mercury and Portuguese wolfram made it imperative for Hitler to keep the Pyrenees open.

The fact that the swastika was still flying at Petsamo and Hendaye, over Rhodes and in Venice, in Marseilles and in Narvik, helped him to deceive the German people—and also the satellite governments—concerning Hitler's dwindling military strength.

How could Germany ever lose the war while her troops controlled nearly all the European Continent?

★ ★ ★

That propaganda worked. It worked so well that Hitler can hardly afford now to take the bold steps which would make sense; renouncing all his vain conquests which keep scores of divisions idle thousands of miles away from the German soil which he has not enough men to defend, and concentrating all his forces in and around the Reich.

But can he also afford to renounce the Rumanian oil, the French bauxite, the Serbian copper, the Hungarian wheat, and all the other raw materials and foodstuffs which he draws from the occupied territories?

He cannot.

But it does seem crazy that the Red Army is thrusting into East Prussia while Germans are keeping watch on the—Bidassoa!

VICTOR SCHIFF.

Light Tanks in Normandy

IN those neck-or-nothing first days of the Normandy landing Trooper S. Maddigan, of the Royal Armoured Corps, was the Besa gunner in a recce. tank.

His troop raced ten miles ahead of divisional headquarters towards the storm-centre of Villers Bocage along a narrow road on which no tank could turn.

The audacious drive of this spearhead so surprised the Panzers, with their infantry and 88-mm. guns holding high ground, that they were in danger of being encircled.

★ ★ ★

All three bridges along their escape route were covered by our guns, and they were fighting madly to get out.

Trooper Maddigan, who was carrying on with a mortar splinter in his left arm from the previous night, first felt the blast of this madness when his troop had come to a halt on the narrow road.

Through his telescope he saw his troop commander, a lieutenant, who'd just left his turret, about sixty yards away, talking with the sergeant of the leading tank. The sergeant was leaning out of his turret.

The trooper's eye at the telescope then saw a flash probably from 1,500 yards away, and next moment the figure of the commander had vanished.

An 88-mm shell had hit him. A fantastic freak of gunnery!

Before the trooper regained his breath a second shell struck the leading tank, leaving the sergeant hanging lifeless over the turret side, his gunner also dead, the driver burned and with a broken arm, the wireless operator with broken legs

Left to their own initiative till squadron orders could be received, the wireless operator took over the commander's tank and its gunner pumped 75-mm. shells where they'd seen the enemy flashes.

Then they drove their tank into the thick roadside foliage, camouflaged it, and gave first aid to the leading tank's wounded before withdrawing on squadron orders

They'd paid a price for their part in drawing the enemy's fire and discovering a strongpoint; and that night an incredible encirclement almost came off.

Trooper Maddigan saw no enemy except for the flashes beyond his range, and never fired his Besa throughout the sortie. It was hide-and-seek war.

★ ★ ★

Bullets swarmed from a field in which no German could be seen. The trooper's tank charged the field and captured a sniper in a foxhole.

They found ten such foxholes, connected with one big dugout forty feet deep containing a store of rations, light automatics and ammunition.

Such an underground network could not have been built after the invasion: these Germans lived there like foxes of the field.

Two more snipers nested in a church, and for three hours held up a convoy, so reluctant were our soldiers to damage the building. In the end they had to grenade out the Germans and almost bring the church down to get the convoy through.

Trooper Maddigan saw two village girls who had married Germans shoot at infantrymen from a farmhouse window as the men were passing in a lorry.

Their farmhouse was stormed and they were the first women snipers taken prisoner.

The troops thought it a light if chivalrous sentence for the loss of eight of their number!

C. B.

OPEN LETTERS

Reich Minister HEINRICH HIMMLER,

Europe's Most Ruthless Thug

SIR,—That bomb may have missed its mark. But to all the world it was a sign of the fast-approaching disintegration of the Reich. it blew a gaping hole into the façade of "German unity," and neither your terrorism nor your Fuehrer's hysteria will suffice to put Humpty-Dumpty together again.

Reliable news of the affair is still scanty Your colleague Goebbels has seen to that, though even he cannot hide the stress and confusion that exists in Germany to-day.

To the Allies, this is an opportunity for redoubled blows. We shall not wait for your gunman's State to perish of its own jealousies and hatreds. We merely welcome a fresh douche to its people's morale.

To us, indeed, not only the Nazis, but the officers who saw in Hitler a convenient weapon for forging a new type of Prussian militarism are our enemies.

We need not waste sympathy on victims of your latest purge, therefore, nor speculate on its course.

Whatever the truth, the main facts are plain. German generals know the war is lost, their troops are on the run and there is no prospect of stopping the rot.

The *Luftwaffe* is a doomed force. Its chief, the egregious Goering, hints of disaffection in its ranks by his warning against bogus orders.

Despite the boasts of Doenitz, the German navy is in poor spirits after years of failure and disaster.

Germany has lost this war; the Allies are in process of winning it. But you and your fanatical Fuehrer are determined that you shall not lose your own wretched lives just yet. And to snatch a few more months of existence you are willing to crucify all who would accept the inevitable and sue for peace.

You have moved a long way since you were a humble chauffeur. Now you are Commander-in-Chief of the Home Army, head of the Secret and ordinary police forces, and the most feared and dangerous man in all the Reich.

It may be that Hitler himself, whose place you have virtually usurped, will eventually find you dangerous, too. Meanwhile, it is evident that the life of the highest general who dare oppose you will not be worth a moment's purchase, that you will remove men of any rank whom you count as "unreliable," and that you will add fresh infamies to a long record of torture and assassination

But the end is certain. You may have postponed it by your swift action last week; you will not avert it.—JOHN BULL.

Capt. ROBERT TANTON, O.B.E.,

Skipper of the "Gay Corsair"

DEAR CAPT. TANTON,—Really, this letter should be addressed to every officer and man of the fast little ships which broke the German blockade of the Skagerrak and Kattegat, and brought to Britain, through German dominated waters, valuable cargoes from Sweden.

The old Red Duster is associated with many tales of unquenchable courage and brilliant operations. But for sheer devilry the exploits of you, your fellow-skippers and your crews cannot be surpassed.

These daring voyages were a triumph of youth—comfort, food, even decent atmosphere were sacrificed to provide maximum cargo space.

Throughout the winter the little ships ran a clockwork service to take the Red Ensign of the Merchant Navy into Swedish ports—emblem of the spirit of adventure and high purpose which has served Britain so well since the war began.

I'm not surprised that you can't understand all the "fuss and bother" over your blockade running feat.

But the nation must be forgiven for taking deep pride in your exploits.

They rank with the imperishable memories of the *Jervis Bay*, the *Rawalpindi*, and other merchant navy ships whose fame and splendour will be remembered as long as jolly mariners sing praises of the sea.—JOHN BULL.

General TOJO,

Fallen War-Lord

DEAR TOJO,—Something seems to have gone wrong with the Rising Sun.

Its honourable rays are dimmed, and the horizon, so bright with victory two and a half years ago, is now dark with ominous shadows.

You have been sacked from the post of Chief of the Japanese General Staff. No wonder. You had the humiliating task of telling your people of the loss of Saipan in the Marianas—nearest point to Tokyo yet reached by the Allies.

"I am profoundly pained," you said, "by the thought of the grave disquiet this loss has caused our Emperor."

In the Pacific now America's task force fifty-eight, the most gigantic assembly of fighting ships and carrier-borne 'planes in world history, is approaching a strength which will blast your protecting fleet out of the ocean.

And this year that magnificent naval armada will be further strengthened by powerful British forces. This announcement by Mr. Curtin, the Australian Commonwealth Premier, will, no doubt, add to the disquiet of His Imperial and Sacred Majesty.

Japan has no room for failures. And you, as a war leader, have failed lamentably by every set standard.

You and your friends, whose dreams of Far Eastern and Asiatic dominion are already shattered, know that when we've finished with Hitler, your end will be swift and merciless.—JOHN BULL.

General de GAULLE,

French National Committee of Liberation

DEAR GENERAL,—As the task of liberating France proceeds at the cost of British and American lives, may I as a Briton point out to all patriotic Frenchmen that liberty is not license?

In the liberated areas Frenchwomen, accused of having collaborated in greater or lesser degree with the Germans, are being publicly degraded and shamed.

Their hair is being sheared off, and they are being paraded through the streets in carts.

Before Hitler began his war of aggression, Frenchmen, Britons, Americans, in fact, all decent people the world over, shuddered when they saw pictures of Jews and anti-Nazis being maltreated and persecuted in public by brutal storm-troopers

These exhibitions were the mark of the beast.

They struck at the very foundations of justice and fair play, and they were warnings of the much more horrible persecutions to come.

It is to you, as their champion, that Frenchmen look to-day.

No doubt your committee will take prompt steps to ensure that Frenchmen in the liberated regions do not degenerate into imitators of the Nazis they hate.

For I am sure you deplore these outrages as much as I do.

Liberty, Equality, Fraternity, cannot continue if this stupid and vindictive policy is not checked at once.

The flood-gates of passion should be opened against the Boche, not against Frenchwomen prejudged and untried.—JOHN BULL.

Miss L. PETERS,

Headmistress, Hanson Girls' High School, Bradford

DEAR MISS PETERS,—Of course, I cannot pretend to write with any authority on running girls' schools. And I feel somewhat diffident about discussing even so trivial a matter as the colour of hair slides.

But I do feel that little Nora Delaney was arbitrarily treated when she was chided for wearing a green slide when school regulations insist on girls wearing brown, black, or dark blue slides.

Seems silly, doesn't it, in these days, for education committees and school authorities to worry their heads and waste valuable time discussing such trivialisms?

But I shall be told, no doubt, that discipline is discipline, and if girls are allowed to wear any colour slide they like, the school will go to the tarnation bow-wows. Or should it be cats?

Don't blame me if the slide turns into an avalanche.—JOHN BULL.

Mr. EDWARD G. ROBINSON,

Pinewood Studios, Iver, Bucks

DEAR MR. ROBINSON,—I cannot let your fine gesture in coming from Hollywood to play a minor part in a film about the R.A.F. pass without expressing my thanks.

Not only have you waived your right to star in any picture, but you have refused to accept a fee.

This is the sort of Anglo-American collaboration I like.

It does more good than a thousand speeches.

It proves that all the gaudy deckings of the world's biggest film colony cannot hide the true nature of a man of understanding.

As your usual earnings for making a picture are £40,000, the R.A.F., and Britain, too, appreciates this act of courtesy. "Journey Together" is the name of the film.

May we journey together for many harmonious and peaceful years.—JOHN BULL.

ARGUE IT OUT — By PALLAS

What the Soldier Wants

MOST of us are always looking ahead, jumping things, anticipating problems before they arise.

The wisdom of this in some respects cannot be doubted. To plan for the years to come is an essential of the present, not of the future.

And so it does not surprise me to learn that the great British public is already concerned as to what form our war memorials will take when this whole ghastly business is over.

★ ★ ★

The other day, in a little Thames-side village, I saw an ornate marble cross, commemorating the sacrifice of those lads who died in the 1914-18 war. The inscription began "To the Glory of God."

My first reaction was "What stupid blasphemy." My second thoughts were "Well, I suppose it is in a way a tombstone and it must conform."

Yet somehow I feel that there is no glory to the Creator in the evil that is war; nor can there be glory to His Name in the horrors, sufferings and miseries which are the grey, ghastly handmaidens of war.

I hope we'll see no more of these florid monuments in stone. And perhaps my hope will come true if a recent poll of opinion is representative of the British public.

Of every 100 people asked what form the memorials of this war should take 88 favoured the building and endowment of schools, hospitals, playing fields and similar social amenities.

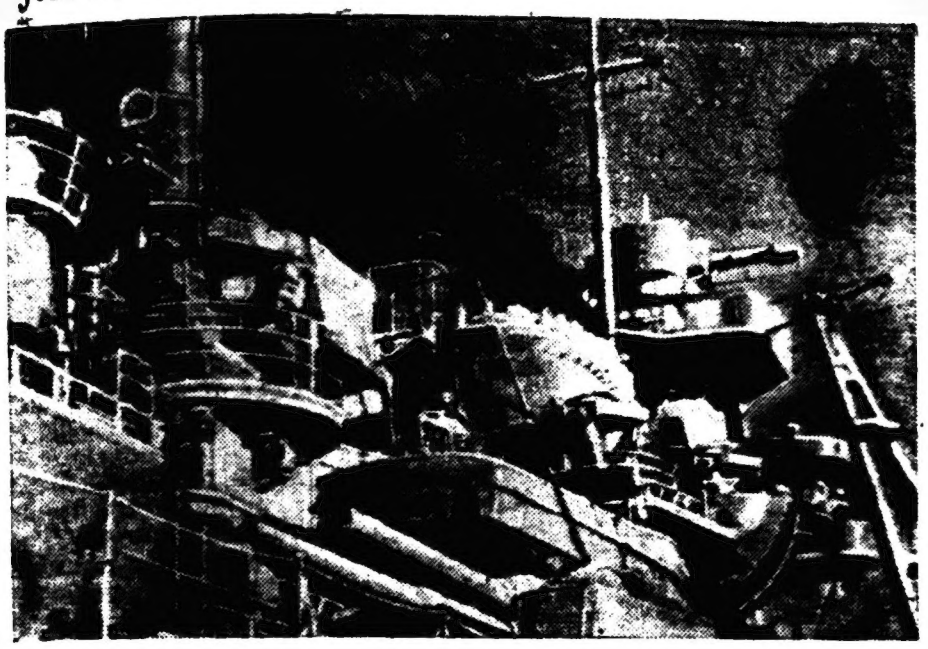
Here at last is common sense, such as the soldier himself will heartily approve. The fighting man doesn't regard himself as a hero.

He's got a rotten, heart-breaking job to do. And all he's concerned with is getting that job over as quickly as he can.

★ ★ ★

He doesn't want memorials. He just wants a chance to live in peace, to live without going hungry and to live as a worker with a place in a happier scheme of things.

You ask him.



Germany's last battleship lies crippled in a Norwegian fiord

The German Navy's Last Gasp

By A. J. McWHINNIE—Naval Commentator and Broadcaster

I AM writing this in a Tribal class destroyer out on an offensive sweep off France. We are looking for a fight with furtive German ships.

The "snotty" has just come down to the wardroom to tell me there is still not a "customer" in sight.

"If only," he says, "we could find a nice juicy German tanker. Even a U-boat or a tiny minesweeper would help to put up our score."

I tell him that this is victory—without firing a shot. The enemy lurk in port, when they should be transporting vital supplies to outlying garrisons. The midshipman says he would rather have a fight.

When I sent my last dispatch to JOHN BULL it was from enemy waters off Cherbourg. I said then that Admiral Doenitz—Hitler's naval Commander-in-Chief—was one of Germany's greatest failures.

Things are going so well with us out in the Channel now that I cannot help trying to put myself in the place of Doenitz to visualise how he is feeling about things.

You try to pretend for a few minutes that *you* are Doenitz.

For more than a quarter of a century you have pledged your faith in the ability of the U-boat to bring Britain to her knees. But it is your U-boats that have been brought low.

Your few remaining big ships—a couple of pocket battleships, five or six cruisers, and a handful of destroyers—are bottled up in the Baltic. Your last battleship—and your newest—lies crippled on her keel in a Norwegian fiord. The *Tirpitz*, on which you based such hopes!

British Science Won

Once, you thought you were going to have your first German aircraft carrier. Her name was to be the *Graf Zeppelin*. The *Graf Zeppelin* has still to show up in the sea war zone although she was laid down as far back as 1936.

Your scientists gave you first the magnetic mine and then the acoustic—the mine with mechanical ears. British scientists found the answer in record time.

And then you thought the glider bomb—radio controlled from a parent plane—would make up for your own naval deficiencies and your inability to sink British and Allied ships with German ships. And the glider bomb also failed.

You said—and how you regret it—that aircraft could no more destroy U-boats than a crow could kill a mole. You know now—to your cost—that crows can kill moles.

Do you remember (in your temporary capacity as Doenitz) the day you heartened your E-boat men by saying, "Britain can only be beaten at sea"? Now the whole of Germany wants to remind you of those words only to ask you what you are doing about it.

Did I say "heartened"? Your E-boat men, too, have failed.

They were to have been your first line of defence against the invasion. They were beaten back. They were destroyed, often in pairs.

True, you kept a few destroyers and torpedo boats ready to meet the invasion round the French coast. It is all you had to spare. One by one they were picked off. How many have you left in those waters? Fewer than half a dozen, I think you'll find.

Blockade runners! Well, you tried. Blockade runners to link up Germany with Japan, exchanging machine tools for oil, rubber and other things which Japan has and Germany lacks.

The trouble there was that latterly you had to accept all the risks. Japan wouldn't use her ships. And one by one the Allies picked off your blockade runners so that there is not one out on the oceans to-day.

The Great Landsmen

If it comes to that there isn't a single German ship of any sort out on the high seas now. They dare not leave the coast. Your navy and your freighters are down to that type of warfare—coast huggers!

You tell yourself that it's all very well for the army chiefs to taunt you because you are not getting urgently needed supplies through on the one hand, and failing to stop Allied supplies getting through on the other. What do they know about your difficulties?

Can you help it if you are faced with overwhelming superiority by sea and air? If you keep your ships in port the ports are bombed. If you bring them out they unfailingly find themselves pounced on by aircraft, warships—or both. They say it is your fault because Britain beat the U-boats.

You can't stretch the remnants of a navy for ever and ever. You have obligations from Norway down to Bordeaux, and from Toulon in the South of France across to Italy, Yugoslavia, Greece, Crete and the Dodecanese.

Toulon! Shades of Nelson. He blockaded Toulon for two and a half years.

Not that anyone in Germany understands the Nelson doctrine, or, for that matter, understands any naval history.

The history of the German navy itself only goes back 73 years. Before 1871 there was no German navy, only the ships of the individual Baltic States. Until 1871, Germany was not united.

And when the Imperial German navy was formed who became C.-in-C.? An Army General! And who succeeded him? Another Army General!

Hitler, of course, is the greatest landsman of them all. He scoffed at British sea power. He scorned battleships.

Britain is still building battleships. But you never dreamed that even the mad British would send battleships into the Channel to bombard you, did you?

Anyway, to get back to Hitler, it's a pity he was always so eager to decry sea power, not understanding it. It was foolish to get up and say when America entered the war that no American troops would land in Britain because their troopships would sink under them.

No Americans in Britain! Cherbourg was a bad show. Cherbourg—the whole peninsula—was captured by Americans launched from Britain, the Allied springboard in Europe. Ships took them there.

The Channel which separated Hitler from Britain now joins Britain to the Continent. And only as a direct result of having sea power welded with air power. They never saw it that way in Germany.

You cannot escape the wisdom of understanding orthodox sea power. With all these new devices for winning wars—Radar, Asdic, depth charges, mines, submarines, aircraft and glider-bombs—the fundamental principle of sea power remains the same.

History will show that Hitler lost the war by starting it with an unbalanced fleet.

The British interpretation of sea power is that by naval force—or threat of force—you maintain the use of the seas for yourself and your friends, and, at the same time, you deny the use of those seas to the enemy. That is precisely what Britain and her Allies have done to you, Doenitz.

It is all right boasting about interior lines on land by which you radiate troops and reinforcements to the place where they are needed most. The only true interior lines are the sea lanes.

You cannot bomb the sea. If you bomb the ships you only catch some of them. And the Allies, believing in sea power, keep on building more than you can sink.

"You are a dangerous man, Doenitz," I said when you were given your big job. That was in January, 1943.

A Rating Sums Up

To-day, as I steam in this Tribal class destroyer past your doorstep, I know that you are no longer dangerous. I cannot think what you will do to extricate yourself from your present unhappy position. Can you?

And you, dear reader, how did you like putting yourself in the place of Doenitz? What would *you* do?

Would you be heartened because the flying bomb buzzes over London and Southern England?

A naval rating in this ship says it's like a man saying, "All right, you cut my throat—I smash your windows."

Now Iceland Turns on the Heat!

YOU would scarcely expect Iceland to be able to wrap itself up in its own warmth, so to speak.

But that is exactly what it is now doing, and hopes to do on a very much larger scale by the time the world has settled down to a saner and untroubled way of life.

Briefly, Iceland's engineers are harnessing the limitless supply of near-boiling water at the volcanic springs ten miles from the capital, Reykjavik, and are using it for the central heating of homes and offices in the city.

Eventually, the cost will be far less than that now involved in the purchase of coal from abroad.

★ ★ ★

Even now, in its initial stages, the new form of heating is costing householders no more than the old—and has the great advantage that there are no grates to clean or attend.

The engineers began the project by sinking thirty-two wells—some of them deeper than 2,000 ft.—at Reykir.

These wells were then connected with a ten-mile pipe-line to the capital. The double pipes, which carry fifty-eight gallons of hot water a second, are mounted on wheels, and have expansion sleeves at regular intervals. Thus, any expansion or contraction due to slight changes of temperature merely results in the pipe automatically opening or closing itself like a concertina.

★ ★ ★

For the same reason, individual house connections are by flexible pipe.

The insulation, too, is so efficient that the hot water, leaving the springs with a temperature of about 200 degrees, loses only nine degrees in its ten-mile journey to Reykjavik!

From wells to capital, the pipe-line travels through a concrete-covered runway, diving underground on reaching the suburbs.

Thousands of Reykjavik homes have already been given the comfort of permanent warmth in a permanently cold country, and other amenities have quickly followed in the wake of this imaginative project.

One of them is an automatic dish-washer, operated by the hot water of the heating system after it has circulated through the radiators—a method which costs the householder exactly nothing!

Later, no doubt, there will be a small greenhouse in every garden—even in every backyard—kept at a constant temperature by the supply of natural hot water.

Some greenhouses, already working under this system, have proved capable of growing such luxuries as bananas and grapes.

The engineers envisage Reykjavik as eventually 100 per cent. centrally heated from the volcanic springs.

★ ★ ★

When that is accomplished—as it may well be within a year or so from now—Reykjavik, with a sky unsmirched by smoke, will almost certainly be the cleanest and perhaps the most comfortable capital in the world.

PATRICK SPENCER.

His Majesty as a Humorist

KING George has more sense of humour than most monarchs, trained as they are in the stilted formalism of Court precedence.

A comedian who had been giving a performance before the Royal Family and its entourage told the King, when he asked what was his next engagement, that he was due at the B.B.C., "to appear in a new feature, 'Women at War.'"

"I do not see anything particularly original in that," replied His Majesty. "I thought women had always been at war."

Lord Mayor and the Nazi

A reunion I had last week with Alderman Joe Toole reminded me of another amusing incident in which the King figured.

When Joe was Lord Mayor of Manchester, not long before the war, he was induced to attend, in his official capacity, and despite his anti-Nazi fervour, a dinner Lord Derby was giving in the Midland Hotel, so that big business men in the city could discuss with Von Ribbentrop trade between Lancashire and Germany.

Joe, as civic chief, was the first to be introduced to the guest of the evening. When, however, he put out his hand, it was ignored by Von Ribbentrop, who raised his own and said, "Heil Hitler."

That did not embarrass the Lord Mayor. Although inches shorter than the German Ambassador, he pulled down the Nazi hand, shook it violently, and said: "That's how we do it in Manchester."

That set the fashion for the rest in the line. There were no more "Heil Hitlers," only handshakes. shakes.

"Heil Hitler" for the King!

Some weeks later, when Alderman Toole was invited to dine with the King and Queen, who were staying with Lord Derby for the Grand National, the King persuaded Joe to tell him the story, one he had obviously heard from his host.

When Joe came to the bit about how he pulled down Von Ribbentrop's hand, the King said: "I wish I'd thought of that. He did his 'Heil Hitler' to me when he came to my house."

Football and Politics

I see that Norman Tiptaft, former Lord Mayor of Birmingham, deploring the lack of interest in municipal affairs, compares it with the love of football.

Alderman Toole, when I remarked on this, said that at the time he was deploring that Chamberlain had gone to see Hitler, and wondering why there was no national outcry, he saw in the front page of a Manchester paper a photograph of a crowd that made him say, "Thank heaven, someone has protested!"

Under it, however, he read: "Stoke City Supporters' Club saying 'Matthews must not go!'"

Worst Crisis of All

Not long after, Sir Francis Joseph, the millionaire industrialist, said that when he was staying in an hotel in Luxor, far up the Nile, he was called to the telephone "for a call from England."

A director, not only of the L.M.S., but the Bank of England, vast collieries, and infinite else, he feared, knowing the call cost £8, that something really serious had happened. He heard, instead, a voice that said it was the *Daily Dispatch*, of Manchester, reminded him he was chairman of Stoke City, and asked, "Do you really think Matthews should go?"

"A Vision of 1945"

I much delight in warning American friends who are Republicans of what may happen if they are successful in the Presidential Election in November:

The first meeting of the heads of the United Nations will assemble in one of the great capitals.

In will march, with awesome tread, Marshal Chiang Kai-shek, supreme War Lord of China, followed by Marshal Josef Stalin, overlord of 180,000,000 Russians. Then will enter the Right Hon. Winston Spencer Churchill, head of the Commonwealth that, for a year, stood all alone.

Who, then, will follow? Why — Tom Dewey!

"Surely," I say to my Republican friends, "you can't stand for that!"

Swaffer Talking

Put Nancy on the Air!

Lady Astor's outburst in the Commons should, in the interests of national mirth, be put on the air.

Speaking on the Town and Country Planning Bill, she got angry when laughter followed her remark: "I am not such an admirer of the Prime Minister, but there is nobody who could do better."

"It is not so foolish as it sounds, young man," she said. "You listen!"

"I am listening," put in the Deputy-Speaker, to whom M.P.s must address their speeches, "and I am not so young."

Another of Nancy's priceless bits was: "I mean to go the middle way. But I think the Government are a little *too much in the middle.*"

Another unconscious Irishism was this: "Hitler hits all, high and low. We have all suffered alike. Some have suffered more than others."

Reproving the Chair

"When I am interrupted, Mr. Deputy-Speaker," once said Lady Astor, nagging the Chair itself, "nobody ever seems to call other people to order."

"The noble lady is asking for it," retorted the Deputy-Speaker. "She must not refer to honourable members as 'you.'"

That did not deter Nancy. "You know perfectly well what I mean, Mr. Deputy-Speaker," she persisted.

Labour men guyed her when she demanded better men who would cut through red tape, in charge of reforms. Mr. Montague interjected: "Such as?"

The mouth from which Irish "bulls" emerge

When she said, "I do not mind going back to Party controversy"—this, after deploring it!—Shinwell put in: "What is the honourable lady doing now?"

Long-Haired Agony

You get strange evidence of the times in the "Agony" columns of the *Times*. You find news of prisoners-of-war followed by offers from dowagers to sell their mink coats, which seem to be unpopular now that there are so few opportunities to wear them at the theatre. And, the other day, I came across this heart-throb:

HAIRPINS.—Box X.1988 (Long Haired Lady) wishes thank so much all those generous readers of "The Times" who sent her precious little parcels (some anonymous) of now unobtainable pins, all with kind little notes. She is so grateful, anxious thank and settle all debts soon.

Well, the long-haired lady must have received a precious lot of those "precious" hairpins, seeing that she thought it worth while to spend 45s. just to advertise her gratitude.

Wouldn't an Eton crop have been cheaper?

By A. G. GARDINER

THE race for Berlin gathers speed. It gathers speed without, while Berlin itself is convulsed with revolt within. Mutiny in the army has broken out and, like the mutiny in the German navy in 1918, it preludes the final crash.

On all fronts the walls of Hitler's "fortress" are collapsing in ruin. Whether we look east or south or west, we see the same picture of irreparable overthrow.

No longer does the mighty torrent boiling in towards Germany from Russia alone portend the end.

The break through on the Caen front is no less prophetic. The western wall has been breached with devastating power. The first round in the Battle of France has shattered the whole scheme of German strategy in the west, and the enemy's grip on all Southern France is doomed.

Nor is the Battle of Italy less significant. It has been the hardest, the longest and the most toilsome phase of the three-pronged attack.

There has never been a day's pause in it since Alamein, and in all the records of this amazing war none will transcend the glory of the Eighth Army. But the end is in sight, and it may well be that the full deliverance of Italy will precede that of France.

* * *

What is the key to the mighty conflict that is now nearing decision? It is not to be sought only in the overwhelming superiority of the Allies' material power. That, of course, is contributory. For nearly three years we fought a losing battle for time—time to arouse the world, time to collect our forces.

We won that delaying battle. We got great allies (Hitler gave them to us). We trained great armies. We piled up munitions.

But all this would have been in vain if we had failed in strategy. We did not fail.

On the contrary, the true key to this war is the large and imaginative genius with which we have fought it.

I am convinced that Churchill and Stalin will live in history as two of the supreme military geniuses of all time. And I am equally convinced that Hitler will live in history as

Battle of Britain Veterans

A TALL, well-built squadron-leader, with rather bloodshot eyes caused by much flying, sat on the corner of a table in what had been the kitchen of a farm cottage.

He had only just landed from chasing flying bombs.

His face showed the unmistakable signs of brilliant plastic surgery. Much skin had been grafted on it, and, although the result was obviously a masterpiece of modern medical skill, you knew at once that this squadron-leader had at some time been shockingly burned.

★ ★ ★

In the Battle of Britain he was a sergeant-pilot. He was shot down during those hectic historic days, his aircraft caught fire, and for months he lay in hospital dangerously ill.

He is not the only Battle of Britain pilot who is now fighting the flying bombs, but he is typical of those that remain in active operations against the enemy.

There are, of course, squadrons that took part in the Battle of Britain which are also playing their part in protecting the people of this country against Hitler's latest weapon.

But let us see what a former Battle of Britain pilot thinks of the flying bomb.

He will tell you first of all that in fine weather he will guarantee that his boys will look after a very high percentage of all flying bombs that the Germans may launch against us.

The countryside around his airfield is littered with bits of flying bombs. It looks like a battlefield.

"The Royal Observer Corps," he told me, "are giving us tremendous help in shooting down these things. Their spotting is both accurate and quick. The aircraft is standing up well to the strain and the ground crews are working harder than they did in the Battle of Britain."

A foreigner whose name cannot be given because his family are still in Occupied Europe is the leading "doodle-bug" pilot. He has shot down nearly a score.

"A flying o... distinction o... ron's 100th ... half an hou... minutes.

Another ... alarming ex... a doodle-bug ... gave it a qui... There was a ... the thing br... could do no... through the ...

He examin... landing. bu... superficial d... the paintwo... away, the a...

A New Ze... alongside a ... one of the o... —and the co...

The pilots ... dusk, and ev... little rest, fo... an almost co...

The Race for Berlin

the most monumental blunderer that ever brought a great nation to disaster.

I have said much on this theme in the past. I speak of it now because it is his crowning blunder that is the key to the present catastrophic position of Germany.

When the tide of the war turned two years ago, it was clear that he had to draw in his horns, cut his losses, conserve his strength and build up a restricted defensive system that he could hold against all attack. The Moscow winter of '41-42 was his first imperious warning.

Instead of this, he would yield nothing. He fought insanely on, year after year, at the extremities of his vast perimeter. He bled Germany white in the wastes of Russia and the deserts of Africa.

* * *

Now, when the crisis has come, it is too late. He has lost the flower of his army. He lacks men and material on all fronts. His oil has run short.

His transport in in chaos. He is driven from the skies and cannot give cover to his armies.

The race to Berlin has begun, and the omens of defeat envelop him on every side. There is no longer in Germany any blinking of the dreadful facts. People are still shot for whispering defeatism there. But Goebbels and Dittmar and Sertorius talk of nothing else.

The war is lost; but Germany must fight on to the last drop of her blood. She must never surrender.

Why? Because if she surrenders there will be no possibility of fighting the Third World War. Listen to Goebbels:

"We know perfectly well that for us there would be no possibility of refighting this conflict in 10, 20 or 50 years' time if now . . . we were not to show ourselves capable of withstanding our enemies' united onslaught."

* * *

The next World War! That, as Mr. Sumner Welles, the late Under Secretary of State in America, shows in his new book, "The Time for Decision," is the one despotic thought in Germany to-day.

Across the torn earth, British tanks rumble up to attack Rommel. But their ultimate objective is Berlin

This war cannot now be won. It failed—so the argument runs—because of certain misfortunes. Thus:

Germany was not equipped to invade Britain in 1940. She began the invasion of Russia too late in 1941. She had not accumulated enough U-boats and aeroplanes.

The fierce Russian winter of 1941-42 could not be foreseen. The plunge into the Caucasus was a mistake. And so on.

These mistakes and misfortunes have caused the Second War for World Conquest to go off at half-cock. They will not be made next time.

And it is for this "next time" that the German High Command is now preparing. Mr. Sumner Welles indicates the nature of the preparations.

But to stage a Third War, the present war must end, not in unconditional surrender, but in a stalemate. And a stalemate must be achieved, though Germany perishes.

There is another reason. Hitler and the Nazis have destroyed all other possibilities of alternative governments. They know that their own doom is sealed if Germany surrenders.

Whatever happens, they aim at the survival of the Nazi Party as the only organised force in Germany. Through that force they hope to resurrect a militant Germany in the midst of the wreck they have made of Europe.

Thus, as Dr. Goebbels hints, they will be able "to refight this conflict in 10, 20 or 50 years."

* * *

But there is going to be no stalemate. And, please God, there is going to be no "second time" for the Nazis.

The hopes they are building on the antics of a little nest of "appeasers" in our Parliament and our Press are baseless. Some of these appeasers are quite honest, but unteachable. Some are much more concerned to make war on Churchill than on Hitler. But in whichever category they are, they count for nothing. They provide a little comfort for Goebbels and Joyce, but that is all.

And be it remembered it is not only this country that will decide the fate of Germany. Russia will have a word to say on the subject, and it will not resemble the language of the appeasers.

Nor, judging from Mr. Sumner Welles' book, will America be disposed to help Goebbels and the Nazis "to refight this conflict in 10, 20 or 50 years."

He describes with great precision the plans already in operation by the German General Staff for the revival of Fifth Column activities in foreign countries.

And he outlines with much force the measures which America will be likely to insist on in order to prevent Germany from ever being in a position to make a shambles of Europe again.

But, I repeat, there will be no stalemate. The race for Berlin has begun in grim earnest, and there is no visible power in Germany to halt it.

And once in Berlin there will be no going out until the Upas tree of Nazism and Prussian militarism is rooted out, not for a generation, but for all time.

ill Flying Bombs

er from Pinner had the hooting down the squad- bomb. He got three in wo of them in as many

g pilot told me of his ence when he exploded the air. He chased it, burst from his cannons. emendous explosion and up in front of him. He g else but fly straight t.

his 'plane carefully on part from some slight ge, such as scorching of and some fabric torn ft was none the worse.

d squadron is working ous British squadron— in the Royal Air Force tition is keen.

* *

working from dawn to uring the night they get ack-ack guns keep up uous barrage, with most of the flak dropping it seemed when I was there, round the tents.

Air Marshal Sir Roderic Hill, who commands the air defence of Great Britain, is determined to shoot down a doodle-bug. He always flies an armed Spitfire, and pilots on patrol have now become accustomed to the Air Marshal suddenly joining in the patrol.

So far the Air Marshal has not been successful, but if perseverance and determination mean anything he will get one before long.

Meanwhile, German prisoners have expressed in no uncertain terms their objection to the High Command's policy in utilising a considerable percentage of German war production in the manufacture of flying bombs while they have to fight without any air protection.

When we really break through in France the Fuehrer will learn to his cost that an army without air protection is at a colossal disadvantage, particularly when it is in retreat. The Allied pilots are longing for that time. The roads and railways will become hell for the German transport.

WING-COMMANDER CHARLES BRAY.

Japan's Islands of Mystery

THESE BOOKS MAKE NEWS

By VINCENT BROME

As the sun comes up and the mists fall back, the chain of islands spreads itself in the sun, gleaming white and green.

There are reefs of coral, tall, silent trees and a touch of unreality about it all. The names, too, are unreal. . . . Izu Islands . . . Bonin Islands . . . Uracas. . . .

They are Japanese islands and they are shrouded in mystery. For only one white man has ever set foot amongst them in recent years and escaped to tell the tale.

Colonel Earl Ellis, of the United States Marines, reached Palau, one of the islands, looked about him, and died. The Japanese said he had drunk himself to death.

Two U.S officers slipped ashore at Ponape—and were never heard of again. This time it was an accident, but the Japanese refused to return the bodies.

Then came Willard Price, a man absorbed in the niceties of flora and fauna, as straightforward a naturalist as you could desire. This time the Tokyo steamship office said the steamers were full. Price managed to gain access to the lists. He pointed out several vacancies. They produced fresh excuses. Price explained again that his mission was for the National Geographic Society, and above suspicion.

Whereupon an officer of the Kempeita, Japan's Gestapo, came to visit Price and his wife, and asked for the names of every person related to them, and for details of every place they had ever visited.

More excuses followed. But by now the American Press was running the story hard, and one morning, when the cables were getting particularly tense, Willard was suddenly presented with tickets and a pass. It looked as though his troubles were over. Actually, they had just begun.

It was like travelling into the valley of lost horizons, heading for a new and very beautiful world. There it was opening before him, a chain of islands alive with people and purposes, and lovely beyond dreaming, but fraught with terrible possibilities.

ALWAYS POLITE!

Saipan came early in the chain. The captain said: "You will not wish to go ashore."

Willard reminded him that he had a permit from Tokyo.

"Ah, so," said the captain, "but they left it to me to arrange the details. I fear you would not be comfortable on the island. There are many reasons."

Willard understood the Japanese technique perfectly. "Indeed," he gravely answered. "in that case we would be better off aboard."

But when the fighter came up on the starboard bow and the captain was busy elsewhere, Willard and his wife slipped over the side.

It was a moment of high excitement. The Japanese had caught up with Western science and what devices they were developing on these islands no one knew.

Saipan itself yielded only lesser secrets. On the opposite side of the island they found a bay very different from the one used by their own ship. It was large enough to accommodate warships and was obviously intended for that purpose.

Inland were many new airfields carefully camouflaged. Even short-range fighter 'planes, by using the intervening islands, could cover the thirteen hundred miles from Japan.

Willard Price and his wife expected to be arrested when they came back on board. Instead the captain said, "I am glad I was able to arrange your trip ashore." It was always like that. Suave politeness; never a harsh word. It was all part of a ruthless pattern.

Willard first became aware of the precise nature of the pattern, when he made a friend of Fal the Kanaka.

Fal took a liking to Willard and one day he confided, "They want me to take you shanking—and they don't want you to come back."

Willard remembered Colonel Ellis and the two naval officers. Perhaps this was the way of their death. . . .

If Fal refused to carry out orders he would immediately be accused of complicity with a foreign spy.

Willard decided to go through with it, only there would be a difference. They duly set off shanking and harpooned a shark. The canoe burst away in a wild zig-zag. Half a mile away binoculars were trained from a Japanese police boat.

Fal waited until they were within swimming distance of Doublon Island.

Then the boat twisted violently. Willard fell, came to the surface and struck out desperately for the shore. Grey shapes scudded past. Sharks!

Hirohito, Japan's ever-decorated Son of Heaven, reviews his army

He thrashed violently whenever one of them turned towards him. If he had been a good swimmer it might have been different, but he was slow, and as the minutes slipped away his strength ebbed, and the sharks got more attentive. . . . Then, suddenly, he felt the beach under him.

PRISING THE SECRETS

At this point in his book, *Japan's Islands of Mystery*, just published by Heinemann at 10s. 6d., Willard Price might have pointed out that it needed considerable courage to press on with his mission. Instead, he continues his level narrative without comment, and takes the reader deeper and deeper into the secrets of these islands.

At Palau, on the shore of Babeldaob, he found a domed hill, some 200 metres high, with a drum-like structure on the top. The guide—or shadower—said it was a water tank. Unfortunately there seemed to be no one in the vicinity who would need a water tank. The structure has since been identified.

Arakabesan, another island, had become a giant air base. A bridge at least a mile long was lifting its spans, one by one, to connect the islands with headquarters at Koror.

Yap yielded other secrets. The fish weirs, consisting of rectangular walls of coral below the surface of the sea, made excellent defences against torpedo boats or any kind of naval attack.

It was not only the military secrets which lay heavily cloaked from prying eyes amongst these islands, but the very way of life of the people themselves.

Willard discovered, for instance, that the Japanese had their brides "posted" to them from Japan. A man sent his characteristics to the Bride's School in Tokyo, the president selected a suitable girl, and she was sent out—willy nilly.

STONE MONEY

Willard also found that the island of Yap is the only island in the world where they use stone money measuring anything up to ten feet in diameter.

Each coin has a round hole at the centre. The value of the coin increases in proportion to the size of the hole.

When one person makes a payment to another, a tree is thrust through the hole and a number of men roll it down to the creditor. The money is kept propped up outside the house!

The book is particularly interesting just now, because these are the islands we must master before we begin the final assault on Japan.

ROUND UP THE TAX DODGERS

BY OUR SPECIAL COMMISSIONER

DELIBERATE tax-dodging has become a big and flourishing industry.

In its ranks are thousands of men and women; the tricks of the trade are simple but ingenious.

The official files at the Treasury bulge with cases, and in most of them, though there is little doubt of the guilt of the persons concerned, action is not taken "for want of evidence."

These officially recorded cases can be grouped into three broad categories:

Dodger Number One wants to swell his profits at the expense of his country. So he decides he wants another proprietor.

He engages his son, aged sixteen, gives him a percentage of the company's shares, and makes him a director.

When the facts are queried by Inland Revenue officials, the dodger says brightly: "Oh, it was never in my mind to evade taxation. I was only thinking of my son. I wanted to give him experience of the business for later years."

★ ★ ★

Though the story is not likely to be swallowed by the Inland Revenue authorities there is usually no evidence to prove deliberate evasion—and in a few instances the explanation is no doubt sincere—so the Tax Commissioners are stumped.

Actually, the Treasury records contain nearly 1,400 instances of this type!

But the Special Commissioners of Income Tax, whose business it is to judge these matters, in their desire to be scrupulously fair to the taxpayer, might well have refused to accept the evidence of some of these 1,400 without being accused of harshness.

Tax-Dodger Number Two is just as artful. He does not put his son or daughter into his business, but brings in a stranger and makes him a director with shares, a good salary, bonuses and so on. Again, he profits and the Exchequer loses.

Tax-Dodger Number Three deals in shares and investments as a means of bilking the Treasury. He buys and sells shares so quickly and cleverly that—under the law as it now stands—his profits are not taxable.

Manipulation of this kind enabled just one group of financiers to evade tax by more than a quarter of a million pounds.

In another case, which came to light accidentally, a wholesaler had persistently and systematically defrauded the Revenue for years; inquiry officers had the greatest difficulty in tracing his offences.

You see, he sold large quantities of goods without invoices and did not include the sums in his tax returns.

When he was caught, he pleaded that he had never been to school and did not issue invoices because he did not think they were necessary.

When asked why he had no banking account, he said simply that he didn't need one. Even though the magistrate said it was "deliberate fraud" he got off with a heavy fine.

In some market trades it has long been the practice for buyers to pay for perishable goods in cash without asking for a receipt, each deal being regarded as a "quick" one.

Reputable wholesalers, of course, always enter these transactions in their properly audited books and the appropriate tax is paid. Nevertheless, this slipshod custom enables dishonest traders to dodge the column.

I've heard of a man in the wireless business who has been cheating the Exchequer for years. He buys up old radio sets and furniture on a large scale, through agents who work on a commission basis, and resells them at shamefully high prices without making any ledger entries of the transaction.

★ ★ ★

The set of books he *does* keep refer to what he calls his "legitimate business," and relate only to transactions openly carried out in his shop.

But all the "big" deals, which are made privately elsewhere, are not recorded. And the profits that result are not paid into a banking account, but kept in notes at the home of relatives.

Another evader is the proprietor of an hotel who buys stocks of spirits privately and keeps no record of them. At one time he had more than £6,000 in notes in his safe, every penny of which should have been taxable.

When this man has had a drink too much he boasts how easily it can be done and how simple it is to hoodwink the authorities.

Two remedies must be applied. The Bill before Parliament which aims at making deliberate tax-dodging punishable by heavier penalties, must have its provisions made absolutely dodger-proof.

And the number of Revenue inquiry officers should be increased to enable proper investigations to be carried out in all suspicious cases.

Short Story

Mr. Pilgrim's Progress

Mr. Pilgrim turned life into a sort of a comic paper. He looked on the bright side till your eyes got dazzled

By Will Scott

With illustration by Edgar Spenceley

HE would look on the bright side. Mr. Pilgrim was such an optimist. It properly got on one's nerves.

In the end they ran him out.

The other chaps were just ordinary chaps. You know—bit of this, bit of that; rough with the smooth; black with the white. Ordinary.

Mr Pilgrim turned life into a sort of a comic paper. He looked on the bright side till your eyes got dazzled.

It would have eased things a bit if the other chaps had had a bit of warning. But Mr. Pilgrim, as you might say, burst on them.

He bought a little house at the corner of the park, overlooking their little shelter at the end of the lake, where they used to sit in the sunshine of a morning, jawing.

About half a dozen of them there were. They'd been doing this for years, meeting in the little shelter at the end of the lake and jawing.

It just suited them. They didn't need any help.

And then suddenly Mr. Pilgrim burst on them.

He bought the little house at the corner, and got all his things moved in and settled, and then turned up one morning with the chaps in the shelter and started being bright.

He laughed and thumped his stick and slapped his knee and said what a rattling fine morning it was and how good it was to be alive until he fairly shook you. He told funny stories and laughed at them himself until you just didn't know what to say.

When he went home to lunch the other chaps all sighed and looked at each other and hoped Mr. Pilgrim would slip on a banana skin and break his neck before morning.

But Mr. Pilgrim didn't. He turned up next morning. He turned up every morning. He kept on looking on the bright side.

"You've got to have faith in human nature," he used to bellow. "Every man's a grand fellow at heart. You may not see it at first, but you've got to have patience and *dig*. Bring out the best in them. It's there."

One of the other chaps—very timidly, mind—said he had his doubts about that. You'd got to have your pessimists. There were some things that made a bloke a bit sour now and again. You couldn't be always laughing.

But Mr. Pilgrim, the optimist, said of course you could.

"Look at me," he said, slapping his chest. "It's the same world I live in that everybody else lives in, and *I'm* always laughing. It's absolutely grand to be alive. Look at the sunshine."

"It'll rain one day," said one of the chaps.

"What about it?" said Mr. Pilgrim. "It might be a flood, but it won't be. Only rain. Look on the bright side."

"When it rains," said one of the chaps, "my screws are something chronic."

"What's a bit of screws? You might have broken your leg; then you wouldn't be out sitting in this lovely shelter."

"My brother," said one of the chaps, "has broken his leg and he can't get out at all."

"Well, why does he worry about a little thing like that?" said Mr. Pilgrim. "He might be dead."

"My other brother," said one of the chaps, "*is* dead."

SO Mr. Pilgrim told him a few dozen funny stories to cheer him up, and in the end this chap wanted to commit murder.

It went on for weeks and these chaps didn't know how to deal with it.

In the end these other chaps had a meeting in one of their houses and they drew up a speech to make at Mr. Pilgrim, and they drew lots as to which of them should make it, and one of these chaps had the misfortune to win. So they went over it with him, word by word, until he'd got it off, and the next morning they were ready for Mr. Pilgrim.

When he turned up he slapped his hands as usual and let out his laugh and started his usual capers about how good it was to be alive.

Then this particular chap got up and said his piece.

"You may not know it," he said, "but you get on our nerves.

"All this everlasting optimism," said this chap. "It ain't *natural*. No gumboils or rain or screws or backing a loser nor nothing. It ain't natural. You pile it on till you make us sick. You're so damned *bright*. There's too much of you."

Mr. Pilgrim wondered what had hit him.

"So," said this chap, "you've got to go. Do you understand? We don't want to see your face any more. We're fed up with you. Clear out. Go and be bright somewhere else."

And these chaps lined up on each side of Mr. Pilgrim, and some took one arm and some took the other, and one of them took the slack of his pants and they ran him out. They left him on the edge of the pond and went back to their shelter, and Mr. Pilgrim tried to fit the bits of himself together.

"What an objectionable lot of men!" he said. "I'll never sit in that shelter with them again."

And he went along to another shelter near the bowling-green and got into conversation with some other chaps.

"I've just had a nasty experience," he said. And he told them.

"Not that I'd let a thing like that sour me," he said. "I suppose there are exceptions to every rule, just to *prove* the rule. Human nature's sound at heart. Oh, yes. I believe in looking on the bright side."

And to show them what he meant he told these new chaps a string of funny stories. And before they knew where they were he was pretty well laughing himself to bits and slapping his knees and saying how good it was to be alive, until these new chaps didn't know what to say.

And he turned up the next morning, and the morning after that; in fact, every morning. Until you'd only got to look at these new chaps to know they were losing weight.

"Why did he pick on *us*?" said one of them.

"The point is," said another of them, "what are we going to *do*? Do we have to stick it till we all die. It ain't the same in our little shelter no longer."

So these chaps in the shelter near the bowling-green had a conference with the chaps in the shelter at the end of the lake and got a few tips and put two and two together, and one morning when Mr. Pilgrim turned up they had it all cut-and-dried.

They told him that his optimism was enough to sour milk and it had completely ruined the happy times they used to have in their shelter before he turned up. They hoped he didn't mind a bit of plain speaking, but the time had come when they'd got to say ta-ta.

"In other words," said one of them, "Hop it!"

And they all gathered round Mr. Pilgrim and ran him out.

He was so astounded that he didn't even go back for his hat.

He wandered about the park for a while in a moody state, not knowing what to make of things at all, and presently he found another shelter near the tennis courts. There were about half a dozen chaps in this shelter, and Mr. Pilgrim went in and sat down.

"Lorst yer dawg?" asked one of these chaps, seeing the expression on Mr. Pilgrim's face.

"No," said Mr. Pilgrim, "but I've just had a rather unusual experience."

And he told them.

"Them chaps in that shelter," said this chap, "are not a very cheerful lot of chaps."

"If I thought they were typical of humanity on the whole," said Mr. Pilgrim, "I should lose heart. But there—I don't."

And he brightened up so much that within five minutes this shelter near the tennis courts was filled with laughter. Mr. Pilgrim's.

IT stayed filled with laughter and funny stories and optimism at the top of your voice until these chaps pulled themselves together and said that something would have to be done about it.

And in the end they ran Mr. Pilgrim out.

And Mr. Pilgrim thought he'd never seen such an unpleasant little town in all his days.

So he stuck a TO LET bill in the window of his house at the corner of the park and cleared out altogether.

You live and learn. Mr. Pilgrim did, anyway.

Mr. Pilgrim put the soft pedal on his laugh and his optimism. If people didn't want him to be a cheery soul—well, to blazes with 'em

Mr. Pilgrim began to keep himself to himself. And the years went by. And he got older. And the war came. And the blitz came. And Mr. Pilgrim's flat in London fell to bits and he crawled out of the bits and cursed Hitler and the wide world and everything.

His flat gone, he went back to the little town. His house at the corner of the park had been empty for eighteen months and he had nowhere else to live. Frowning like fury, he went one day into the little shelter by the end of the pond and sat down.

"Nice morning," said a chap who was there.

"It's a putrid morning," said Mr. Pilgrim.

This chap, and a number of other chaps who were there, were astonished. They couldn't mention a thing that Mr. Pilgrim found right, and when they started talking about how long the war would last he turned every one of their years into ten.

"Never see the end of it in our time," he said.

He turned up next day. He turned up every day. It properly began to get on their nerves.

Mr. Pilgrim was *such* a pessimist. He would look on the gloomy side.

Well, in the end they ran him out.

You Must Be Critical

HUMAN MACHINE

There is a growing tendency, particularly in these turbulent days, to let other people do our thinking for us.

It is not just a question of war time and propaganda; it is a question of the ease with which we can, if we are not wide awake, allow all sorts of modern influences to lull our critical faculties into a dangerous state of complacent idleness.

It is so easy just to scan the headlines of a newspaper. It is so simple just to turn a switch and listen to someone on the wireless telling us all about it.

So much simpler and so much easier than reasoning it all out for ourselves! It saves such a lot of real hard work!

Well, this process has grown to such an extent that Professor Laski could say recently: "In our own day it would not be an unfair description of education to define it as the art which teaches men to be deceived by the printed word."

What a condemnation, not so much of the world in which we live, as of ourselves. For no one can deceive anyone else for long unless he is willing to be deceived.

Our own intellectual laziness is as much to blame as those who are so busy trying to form our opinions for us.

What is the defence against this tendency to potted thinking? First, wide reading. You can never read too much. You can never read too many sides to any question in which you are interested.

Next, plenty of discussion. Argument, when based on facts, is the best safeguard of thought. That is why free speech is the first casualty in any attack on liberty.

Be critical. Listen to everyone—and believe few. Be master of your own mind.

DOUGLAS REEKIE, surveying the amazing inventions of this war, reminds you that all of us can justifiably—

Be Proud To Be British

YOU know—the Germans may have produced the robot-bomb, but it doesn't make them the supreme scientific and mechanical geniuses of the age. Britain has beaten them hollow.

The list of things we've thought of and made work is pretty lengthy.

It begins with radiolocation, probably the greatest idea of them all since it saved Britain and gave her breathing space to think up the rest. That was a purely British invention, though it is now known as Radar to cover some of the development work done in America.

To-day it works in the air; at sea. Searchlights and A.A. guns operate on its intuition. It reported the movements of enemy tank formations in the desert and it plots the course of the robot-bombs with such precision that the "localised alert" can be given. So much for checking air activity against us.

On the other side, the offensive side of the air war, we are supreme technically.

Germany has not yet produced a really efficient four-engined bomber. Our Lancaster is far in advance.

The most modern version is still on the secret list. But this can be said of it—it carries a greater bomb load than the new giant Fortress which has just come into the news.

Finest of All Fighters

The Spitfire is still the finest fighter the world has ever seen, and the fastest. The Mosquito we all know about. America's best fighter, the Mustang, now has a British-designed engine and aerodynamic alterations from the original model suggested by British engineers.

We have solved the problem of aero engines being too powerful for propellers. Five bladed and contra-rotating props are both in use.

The world's three finest engines are British—the Merlin, the Griffin and the Sabre. The greatest of all radial engines is British, the Bristol.

We have made bigger and better bombs than the Germans. We have made and used them up to 16,000 lb.

Our explosives are still streets ahead of the German. RDX (the most powerful of them all) cost the lives of five men in the experimental stage.

Those are the things we know about, though we are apt to forget them. They are so much part of our daily reading that we take them for granted. We shouldn't. We should remember—and see that other people do.

Guns by Parachute

But that is not all. There is the precision bomb-sight which our Pathfinders use, the Mark XIV.

It was a British invention. Its secrets were given to America. The Liberators and Fortresses are now using it under another name.

There is the new deflection sight for fighters which makes it almost impossible to miss once "a bead" is drawn. Germany has nothing comparable.

The first success with jet-propelled aircraft for war use was British.

The first rocket guns, the first rocket projectiles to be fired from aircraft, the first rocket howitzers, were British.

I remember seeing a secret training film showing Coastal Command aircraft using rockets against U-boats just about the time ME's were first reported to be armed with something similar against our bombers. That film had been long in the making.

Think also of the Sten gun—made for 30s.—and parachuted to partisans in France, Yugoslavia, Greece; of our twenty-five pounder gun; of radio control in the field from mobile vans; of front-line operating theatres; of penicillin; of landing barges and of the great

These A.T.S. girls know that because their raider-spotter is British, it's best

landing craft with doors that open in the bows. They were built in America from British designs.

Of automatic cable-laying lorries that fling telephone wires on to hedges as they pass down a lane; of the new bridge that can be prefabricated by bedstead makers and flung across a river in a few hours to take the weight of the largest tanks.

Of the answer we found to magnetic mines and of the Asdic device for locating enemy submarines which is now not only carried by destroyers and corvettes, but by aircraft.

Of the Horsa glider by which our troops in their thousands went into the Normandy battle; of rubber dinghies for airmen; of our balloon barrage and all the complications of winches and controls involved. The balloons we once laughed at are doing a good job stopping the robots.

Seaborne Invasion

Of battledress, than which there is no more perfect uniform in the world for comfort, warmth and convenience. Of our clothing for high flying; of the radio telephone microphone that works on the muscles of the throat to which it is pressed.

Of the thousand and one small inprovisations. Of the Bangalore torpedo

They help to make an impressive list

It is a pity so much is still secret—cannot be mentioned. That Britain because she is so near to the war geographically, has to keep ideas she can be proud of quiet for so much longer than sometimes seems necessary to other people.

Oh! and think also that it was Britain which carried out the greatest technical war achievement of all time. The achievement that was beyond the reach of the Germans four years ago when they stood on the cliffs of France after Dunkirk.

The incredible achievement of launching and carrying out a seaborne invasion across the Channel.

It took a lot of scientific and mechanical ingenuity to get it just right. Ingenuity the Germans hadn't got. And Hitler!

Not What You Say, But How You Say It

IT doesn't matter what you say, you're wrong.

There's always somebody who wants to know why you say it like that. However you say it.

If you talk with a Yorkshire accent everybody in the South starts to shudder and call their children in.

If you talk with a London accent everybody in Yorkshire starts to laugh.

If you come from U.S.A. and say "twenny-two minutes pest" and "dencing time" Britishers look at you as if you've got weeds in your hair.

On the other hand, if you come from U.S.A. you look as if you think Britishers have got their weeds in *their* hair when they say "darncing time" "barth."

★ ★ ★

A Scotswoman of my acquaintance once asked me why I said "food" and "nurse" instead of "fud" and "nuss." So I asked her why she said "fud" and "nuss" instead of "food" and "nurse."

It's all these accents that get people down. If only we could all speak in standard English it would be all right.

But where's your standard English?

Broadcast English, some will tell you, is the thing to go by. After another generation or two everybody will be speaking like a B.B.C. newsreader.

But which one?

I know men who, when Joseph McLeod speaks of "Southerrr Ningland," want to go out and put their heads under taps. And when he says "sayze" they want to keep their heads under. Does he, they ask me, say "sayze you" in his off moments?

Maybe he's right when he says "sayze." But in that case surely Alvar Liddell is wrong when he sayze "says."

★ ★ ★

I know other men who when Freddy Grisewood refers to the "edvaynce of the Jaypanese," would reach out for a gun and run wild if only they had a gun and could run.

"Why does he say it *that* way?" they shriek.

But if he said it some other way they'd shriek just the same.

I've given it all up a long time ago.

When first I came South and found out how wrong I was and I went in for strong doses of "darncing time" and "barth," so that now I can't get them out of my system.

But I'm not right. I'm not a bit like Joespeh McLeod. And if I managed to be just like him I'd only have to listen to Stuart Hibberd for two minutes to realise I'd taken the wrong turning.

So, as I say, I've given it all up.

It doesn't matter what you say, there's always somebody after you.

So if you want to be right, say nothing.

A. G.

Lucky Accidents Can Avert Tragedy

THE following story is sent by a reader who guarantees its truthfulness:

A business man, having sold his small car, began going to his office by 'bus; but later on he bought a cycle. One day recently, on his way to town, he had occasion to call at a chemist's shop. He parked his cycle against the wall in the side street.

Having made his purchase, he saw his familiar 'bus standing by the shop and—from force of habit—he boarded it and proceeded to his office. It was not until the afternoon that he suddenly remembered that he had left his new cycle by the chemist's shop. He rushed off at once.

To his amazement and delight he found the bike where he had left it. He went inside the shop to thank the chemist for looking after it so well. "You needn't thank me," said the chemist, "I didn't know it was there!"

The man happens to be devoutly religious, and on his way home he went into church to offer a prayer to his patron saint, St. Anthony, in thanksgiving for the preservation of his precious bicycle.

When he came out, a few minutes later, it had disappeared and has not been recovered!

The episode has puzzled me a good deal, and I believe it will puzzle you, Humanist, to find a satisfactory answer.

The story would have appealed to Thomas Hardy, and I believe he would have included it in his collection of "Life's Little Ironies." And because there is irony there is also a certain element of humour.

A freethinker would be amused but not puzzled at all. He would dismiss the idea that Providence preserved the cycle from thieves. It would be merely a bit of good fortune.

But a man with faith in an all-protecting Providence would be very puzzled because it clashes with his ideas. He would either refuse to believe it or would regard it as one of the mysteries for which we cannot find a solution.

I had occasion to call at a post office the other day, writes another man. There was an "alert" on at the time, but no one was taking the slightest notice of that.

I was kept waiting by an elderly lady who was having an argument with the girl behind the counter. She was holding up a queue. She wanted to be assured that a registered letter would be delivered more quickly than an unregistered one! And if not, why not?

That argument wasted a full five minutes of my time and it ended only with the sound of a falling bomb not far away. On returning to my office I was more than a little grateful to the lady. Had I been served promptly I should not be writing this letter to-day.

Was that lady a sort of guardian angel, an unconscious instrument of Providence, to save me from being injured or even killed? Do I owe her a

VOICE OF THE TROOPS

★ Have you an interesting letter from a relative in the Forces? ONE GUINEA will be paid for each one published—more if an adventure story used at greater length—and all the letters are returned. 10s. 6d. for Readers' Views. Address all letters to "Voice," JOHN BULL, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2

ALTHOUGH overshadowed by the fighting in France and Italy, the gallant 14th Army is still putting up a marvellous show, under trying conditions, in Burma. Cpl. H. Woodside, Indian Infantry Brigade, writes to his parents at King's Close, Gorton, Manchester:

On Sunday we were to move to a new cation. Imagine the scene. It was ining heavily, we had to make our way rough a dense mass of jungle under-owth, the going made ten times worse the deluge; laden mules floundering out in the sticky yellow mud, mechani-l transport vehicles piled high with erything needed to fight a war were uck, and the drivers cursing loudly as ey tried every gear in the box.

A pal comes up and offers me a fag d we crouch under a cape to light up. bout three puffs and the cigarettes peel en into a soggy mass.

We both grinned, and I remember say-g: "At home at this time on Sunday rning, the vestry door of the church open and the choir is filing out to und of organ music."

Funny how you think back to peaceful ys and peaceful scenes when things t here are at their worst. However, were soon jerked back to reality. The ws came through that a strong force Japs were at ——, that the bridge s down at ——, and we were in an unhealthy position; in fact, we were cut off!

We wondered what the Brigadier would do about it, and then brewed some tea.

That evening found us in compact form with the tanks and the R.A. lined up to fight it out.

I swear that it was the leadership and cleverness of the Brigadier that turned what appeared to be certain defeat into a glorious victory.

That night we were attacked from every side, and all ranks stood to, from dusk until dawn.

We struggled through the next day, with the Japs attacking us first from one hill, then another. We were in a valley, and men were sent up from time to time to clear the enemy off those vantage-points. It was in such engagements as these that our boys, fighting against tremendous odds, won through.

When each of these patrols returned there was always someone we had known who was missing. Busty Irwin, for instance, 14 stone of cheery British manhood, with whom I had so often laughed and joked. He killed three Japs before he was stopped with a bullet.

It was tough going, but we were giving more than we were taking. That evening the enemy captured our medical section, and we wondered apprehensively what he would do with our wounded.

At eight o'clock next morning we went in again, and after some tough fighting managed to drive the Japs back, and in doing so found our wounded, who had not been molested.

At night it was quiet and peaceful for a time, and then hell broke loose. Tank fire, mortars, R.A. guns, Tommy and rifle fire, plus grenades bursting all over the place. It was a "do"!

It seemed that the Japs were coming at us from all sides, but they were held and beaten off. A good night's work! The boys of —— Brigade caught a party of Japs coming up the river-bed, they kept quiet on the banks, while the yellow men came on, walking three abreast. Then, at a given signal, our boys gave them all they had, and the dead piled up.

That day supplies were dropped to us from the air. Night gave way to day, and we had our grim periods, and the cry for stretcher-bearers was often heard.

. . . The following day, the long-promised help came through at noon. So the road that had been cut off was reopened. We had got through!

It's tough going in Burma, but our men are slowly ensuring that this peaceful scene at Mandalay will be restored

Usually I stand trying to hear and see someone who isn't there! A bird whistles four straight, eerie notes; pause—four straight notes again, and so on. Another bird whose cry sounds like someone driving pegs in the hard ground starts slowly, and, working up to a rapid beat, fades out again into a pause.

A pair of flying foxes, very queer birds, go round in circles, and, coming to rest on a tree, hit the branch with a thud. The bull-frogs croak dismally; millions of crickets, it seems, begin to chirp; unseen things rustle in the undergrowth; the bamboos creak in the wind, and the Morse bird chatters away in the near distance.

Above these natural sounds cuts the sharp noise of machine-gun fire, while from the rear comes the boom of heavy artillery and the whine of shells overhead. Sometimes bombers drone overhead and the ack-ack replies angrily to the night sky.

The dawn "Stand-to!" when you crawl out of the dug-out, is a happy relief. Then comes the sudden breaking of day, from dark to light, in a matter of ten minutes, and potential enemies of the long night hours once more become familiar bushes. Then, "Stand-down!" tea at the cookhouse, a wash and shave, and then breakfast. So we settle down to a new day.

Attention, Mr. Bevin

What of the day when the men in the Services return home? In every unit at home and overseas the men discuss this problem of what is going to happen to them back in "Civvy Street." Sgt. J. Pegnall, serving in West Africa, is no exception. He writes to his mother at Torr Road, Penge, London, S.E.20:

After these long years in the Services it will be difficult for many of us to fit into "civvy" life again

Every one of us realises that there will be many difficulties to face, but we hope and expect that we shall not be demobbed and then left to take our places in queues of unemployed.

We shall need help to place us into civil life again, and we have a right to expect some plans to this end. Believe me, we shall expect something more useful than a medal on our chest, and something more comforting than a reserved place in the "Dole" queue.

Not the brightest of topics for a letter home, but we are talking about these things, and our questions require a definite answer from those who govern the country. We shall need action, not promises!

Night in Asia

Night guard for troops serving in South-East Asia is anything but a rest cure, according to Sgmn. P. B. Pickering, who writes to his family at Ashby Road, Burton-on-Trent:

I spend every other night mostly in a hole in the ground, and it is no joke doing sentry duty in these parts when the nights are full of strange noises.

In the dark hours it is difficult to hear anyone approaching, and the trees and undergrowth afford so much cover that it is impossible to see anyone advancing.

Usually I stand trying to hear and see someone who isn't there! A bird whistles four straight, eerie notes; pause—four straight notes again, and so on. Another bird whose cry sounds like someone driving pegs in the hard ground starts slowly, and, working up to a rapid beat, fades out again into a pause.

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HUMAN DOCUMENT

A SOUTHERN England reader, in acknowledging a cheque paid under JOHN BULL'S Free Air Raid Insurance, writes:

"My wife's death by enemy action is so severe a blow to me that life seems to hold very little attraction for me now.

"It is the warm sympathy, such as you have expressed, that has helped me and will, I am sure, make it easier to bear.

"I thank you for the cheque safely received—but your sympathy is the greater."

JOHN BULL offers free to every reader an Insurance Policy, underwritten at Lloyd's, against Air Raids, Gas Attacks, Invasion and Bombardment, including substantial benefits for death or loss of sight

Readers who have not yet registered, can obtain Registration Forms from JOHN BULL'S Insurance Department, 128, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

Having donned the apron, is he making women superior to men?

nks? I was very angry with her at time but I cannot help feeling kindly ards her in the light of events.

One hears many stories of men and men who escape disaster through e "lucky" accident but there must other stories which one does not hear would fill the other side of the nce-sheet. A man may be accident-delayed long enough to be caught disaster of that sort.

cannot bring myself to believe that vidence steers a bullet or a bomb to t one person or to avoid another. refer to regard these incidents as the ards of war.

VERTING to a letter of several weeks ago, in which an ex-miner suggested that able-bodied pen-ers should take up careers in domes-work, I was astonished by the mence of some of the comments readers. I quoted one from a farmer's wife last week. Here is another from a man who feels somewhat savage about the subject.

★ If you are in doubt, write to HUMANIST, at 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. You will receive a guinea if your letter is quoted on this page (without, of course, giving your name)

I would like you to know, he says, that I consider the suggestion not only ridiculous but dangerous.

Your correspondent is apparently content to see women, with responsibilities to no one but themselves, taking the bread from the mouths of men with families to provide for, and pleads to be allowed to do the work which the women discard!

What a mentality for a man! The only excuse I can find for him is that he is old.

Yesterday, women were screeching for recognition. To-day they are demanding equality. To-morrow they will claim superiority to the male.

And when man dons the cap and apron of the domestic servant, the emancipation of woman will be complete!

In the period of unemployment that preceded the war one often found the sexes "swapping jobs"—the wife earning the livelihood while the man stayed at home to look after the children. Another of "Life's Little Ironies"! But surely the chief explanation of that state of affairs was that women received lower wages.

Doesn't it follow that equal treatment would restore the old tradition: the man as bread-winner, the woman as the home-maker?

And having said that I realise that I am in for trouble!

Do your teeth look lovely too?

the answer's on the tip of your tongue

Use Pepsodent. Then feel with your tongue how its super-cleansing Irium has flushed stain-collecting film away.

1/3 & 2/2 Inc. Tax
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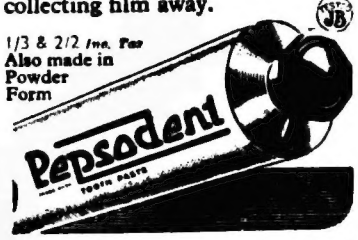


Choose and use O.K
-the sauce that does you good-
it still has 44% fruit

If you are in a zone where O.K. Sauce is difficult to get, remember it is one of the good things you will have again after the war.

Think in STEAD use
STEAD
RAZOR BLADES

Give the Kiddies happy feet
ASK FOR THE FAMOUS
"Little Toddlers" BRAND
OF INFANTS' FOOTWEAR
SIZES 1 TO 8

LAST LAUGH

T. R. (Surbiton).—"My bull-terrier is off his feed and seems to have no energy at all." Perhaps you have had the same postman and dustman too long, and he wants a change of diet?

L. N (Kew).—"Many American soldiers are making crystal sets in their spare time." They declare that as a hobby it's the cat's whiskers.

Y. K. (Tottenham). — "Each Portal house is fitted with a refrigerator." This is no novelty to the winter week-end guest at an English home who occupies the spare room during a coal shortage.

H. H. (London, W.).—"Reading matter should be provided in taxis." It is unpatriotic to peruse important official documents left by a previous passenger.

N. M. (Kirby). — "The Wehrmacht has come to a pretty pass in Russia." But there are no signs that it will linger long to admire the Carpathian scenery.

A. C. (Cheam).—"Girls in slacks now ride men's bicycles." Kilted Scots find ladies' machines more convenient, and there is no outlay for trouser-clips.

J. B (Ely).—"A midget car planned in America for after the war will hold only one person." You don't get in; you put it on.

F. N. D. (Frome).—"A man who accidentally swallowed a piece of wire had it removed in hospital and declares he will keep it as a souvenir." There is indignation in salvage circles.

S. E. (Esher).—"French beans are planted on the platforms of many suburban railway stations." And you should see the scarlet runners arriving just in time to miss the 8.14 if it is running.

S. B. (Glasgow).—"Fountain-pens are very scarce." Inkpots in Scottish post offices are maintaining a high tidal level.

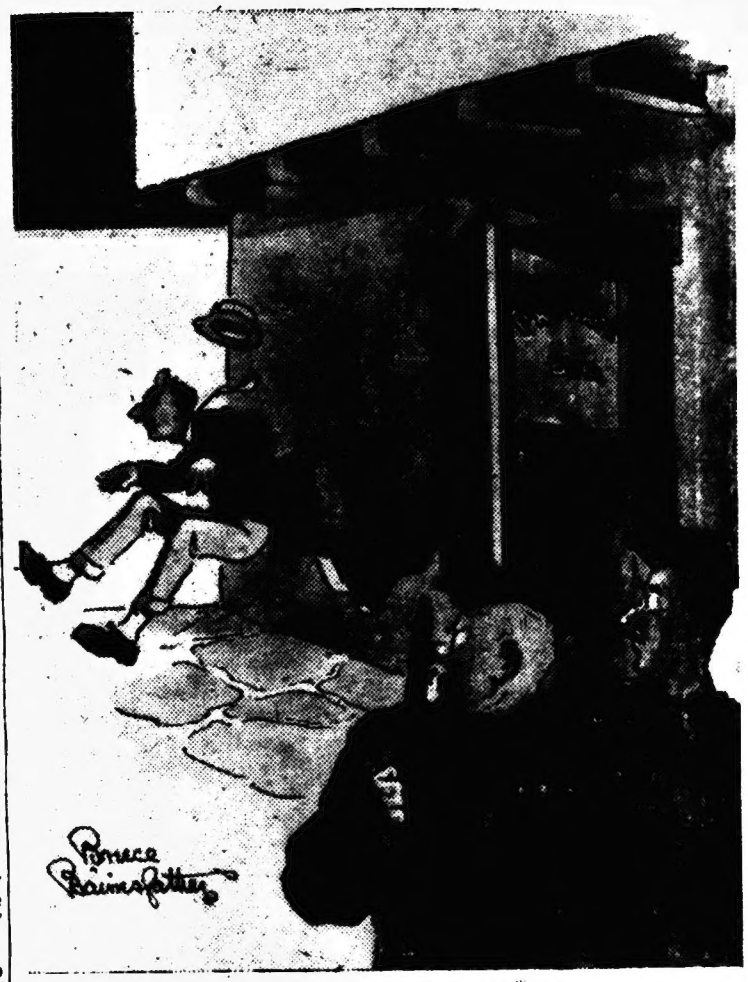
S. C. (Brighton).—"Hitler is said to be writing several thousand words a day on his sequel to 'Mein Kampff.'" But history is rapidly overtaking him.

S. B. (Walton).—"A boxer says he recently became interested in astrology." His study of the stars began when he was knocked into the middle of next week, and when he came back he was able to make some very confident predictions.

D. B. (Birmingham). — "An American soldier recently won a darts tournament in this country." Ominous. Look how Australia picked up cricket!

H. K. D. (Orpington).—"German experts claim to have evolved a perfect plastic material from fish-bones." By removing the back-bone of the Herringfolk?

F. B. (Penge).—"My three-year-old son knows his A B C." By the time he is old enough to travel the trains will have started to synchronise with it again.



OLD BILL: BY BRUCE BAIRNSFATHER
"H'm, jet propelled, I see"

Side-Slips

TORBAY HERALD:—". . . and made one of the swiftest GATEWAYS ever to be known . ."

ABERDARE LEADER:—". . . in the general advance Pte. —— had got about five INCHES inland with his unit"

SCUNTHORPE TELEGRAPH:—"The British drivers have adapted themselves rapidly to driving on the right-hand side of AIR RAIDS."

CHRONICLE AND ECHO:—"and again a sample taken from the last CHURCH was genuine milk."

TOTNES TIMES:—"Prohibit the use of water for the watering of WARDENS."

DAILY HERALD:—". . . husband, wife and four children, including a NINE-WEEKS-OLD baby, walked out of their brick-built shelter a few minutes after . . ."

EVENING CHRONICLE:—"A north-easterly gale, with GUESTS of 60 m.p.h., lashed the Straits of Dover to-day."

DAILY TELEGRAPH:—". . if an extraordinary occasion arose then the decision must be dealt with by the MOUSE."

NEWCASTLE DAILY:—"General —— made the award with EARS in his eyes."

"BULLETS" 1,434

1st Prize £100

W. Stevenson, 17, Jubilee Rd., Aldershot, for this "Bullet":—

CRIMINAL HITLER
BEER-CELLAR PRODUCED—"BAR" AWAITS

£10: T. B. Seaton, 62, Arthur St., Newton Stewart.
Fighting Spirit—And Tea, Sustain Londoners.

£5: Miss M. Woodworth, Lodge I, H. Feniscowles, Pleasington, Nr. Blackburn.
Army Of Unemployed—Then Army—Then *Employed*?

£4: Mrs. J. W. Gresty, 19, Church St., Gorton, M.C.
Flickering Flame—Peace, Unless *Purpose* "Steady."

£3: Mrs. Jones, The Red Lion, Droitwich.
Criminal Hitler—"Cut-throat" Looking for "Safety."

£3: Miss D. V. Walker, c/o Bourton House, Bradninch, Devon.
Seems Funny—Dad Running From "Glass"!

£2s.: S. Pickard, 91, Ansley Common, Nr. Nuneaton.
Criminal Hitler—Fears His "Accomplice."

£2s.: H. W. Connell, 66, Alexandra Rd., Edgbaston, Birmingham.
Eventually—Even France An Ally?

£1s.: D. Rootkin, Palmers Farm, Layer Marney, Kelvedon, Essex.
Bar-parlour Strategist—Increasing "Bulge" Rightly, Father!

£2s.: W. B. Courtney, 12, Norbury Court Rd., Norbury, S.W.16.
Like A House On Fire—And Refrigerator—Love, Alternately.

£1s.: W. J. Kerswell, 47, Easton Rd., Bristol.
Eventually—Drill Sergeant Tried Sheep-dog! Fountain Pen with each of the above prizes.

A list of 50 winners of Cakes can be seen at these offices; 1,000 Merit Awards have been posted.

PRIZE-WINNING ANSWERS, X-WORDS AND LAUGH-LINES

To help readers of Bulletin and Gazette whose copies are delayed or fail to arrive through causes beyond "John Bull's" control, here are Answers to puzzles dated Saturday, July 29.

X-words No. 326. WINNING WORDS: 1. TEARS. 2. MILD. 3. SKULL. 4. DAWN. 5. TOOK. 6. PAN. 7. PROBING. 8. FOR. 9. RITE. 10. NEWS. 11. TIRED. 12. TOLD. 13. LEAR. 14. BOSS.

"LAUGH-LINES" No. 176. KEY LETTERS: K—J—D—E.

£100 X-WORD IN NEXT WEEK'S "JOHN BULL"

GREATEST OF THESE

● A month ago Mrs. Collins, of Lambeth, London, S.E.11, lost her dearest possession—her baby. Now she is worried because doctor's fees and funeral charges have left her in debt.

Her husband is in the Forces and she has two young children to look after.

A simple case of misfortune and hardship? Yes; but unhappily they are plentiful. Won't you help us to ease the burdens of such wives of fighting men?

Donations to the Secretary, JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund,* Box 44, 64, Long Acre, London, W.C.2, will be gratefully acknowledged. If you prefer to make your gift anonymous, it will be no less welcome.

Current subscription lists are available on demand; all expenses are met by us. So every penny sent is devoted to helping the deserving cases on our books.

**Registered under the War Charities Act, 1940, as "The JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund."*

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In 256 pages **and nearly 80,000** words, profusely **illustrated with** over 200 **wonderful close-up** photographs **and special** drawings, this book, "**THE WONDERS OF NATURE,**" **tells of:**

The beginning of Life; the first living things and their development; how animals, birds and fish are born; the courtship and marriage of animals and plants; the habits and intelligence of mammals from cats and dogs to moles and anteaters; quaint beasts and oddities of animal life; nature's battlefields; man-like creatures; monkeys in religions and social life; curious ways and marvels of land and water plants; the habits of feathered creatures on land and sea; wonders and secrets of bird life; how insects live; ocean and river-dwellers; sea monsters; pond life; how plants and animals react on each other.

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WOM | J.T.1 29/7/44

From a doctor's diary

This is based on a doctor's experience of cases of V.D. It has been carefully edited so that the people concerned shall not be recognised.

"... Can they be disfiguring doctor?"

She was a smart young woman who obviously valued her looks. While under the influence of drink, four weeks before, she had caught syphilis from a man she had met at a dance. I told her that if she attended conscientiously for her treatment, there was very little risk of disfigurement. But if she gave up coming, or failed to attend regularly the germ of syphilis might well get into the bones and soft tissues of her face and destroy her looks. To make the point stronger, I told her about a woman I had been treating.

She was a woman of 36. Just before marriage, she caught syphilis, as the result of loose living. She was afraid to go for examination and treatment, for fear her husband should find out about her lapse.

Ten years after marriage, she developed a thick discharge from her nose, and she noticed that the bridge of her nose seemed to be falling in. Then sores developed round her mouth.

It was then that I first saw her. I started giving her injections and other medical treatment. In due course the sores had healed, but she was terribly disfigured. She was a really tragic sight. So I sent her to a plastic surgeon. He had to have her in hospital three times for a series of delicate operations. Now they are finished, and she is restored more or less to normal. But the scars are still there and she will carry them to her grave. If she had been brave at first and come for treatment at once, she would have been spared this disfigurement, and the ordeal of the operations.

Early and complete treatment is essential if syphilis is not to get a hold on the body."

FREE CONFIDENTIAL ADVICE AND TREATMENT are available at clinics set up by County and County Borough Councils. Any doctor will give the address. Further information can be obtained IN CONFIDENCE from the Health Department at your local Council's offices, or by writing to the Medical Adviser, Central Council for Health Education, Tavistock House, Tavistock Square, London, W.C.1 Please send stamped addressed envelope.

Issued by the Ministry of Health and the Central Council for Health Education.
(VD29-16)

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£100 DOUBLE 1ST PRIZE

50 BIG 4 lb. FRUIT CAKES

OTHER PRIZES £10 £5 £4 £3 £2 38/- 36/- 34/- 32/- 30/-

1,000 MERIT AWARDS

LAST CAKES THIS WEEK!

IT'S time *you* tried *Bullets*. In fact, unless you use your coupon below, you will be too late for one of the final 50 big Fruit Cakes which add to the attraction of this week's £100 Doubled First.

Owing to Bank Holiday, you have one extra day to win—you can post right up until last collection on TUESDAY, August 8.

ADDED ATTRACTION!

14ct GOLD NIB FOUNTAIN PENS —one with each cash prize!

HOW TO WIN

Simply add TWO, THREE or FOUR WORDS of apt and original comment to any *Example* below.

For instance, a Co. Durham entrant selected the *Example* WON'T BE EASY from a recent list. Upon that *Example* he built his First Prize *Bullet*, WON'T BE EASY — FROM "HURRICANE" TO "EIGHT-THIRTY"!

More winners for further guidance await you in the latest *Bullets* result on page 14.

RULES 1.—Bullets First Prize will be awarded for best Bullet received and other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. 2.—The Editor undertakes that all entries in Bullets shall receive careful consideration by a staff of competent adjudicators. 3.—To cover 1d. Bulletin charge and entry-fee, enclose P.O. or stamps value 6d. for two Bullets, or 1s. to cover four. Two free Bullets allowed with each four paid, and plain paper entries are allowed. If P.O. used, make payable to JOHN BULL, cross /& Co./, write name and address on back. Coupons must not be mutilated. Members of H.M. Forces half-rate if coupons personally completed and Service rank indicated. 4.—Entries accepted only on condition that result of this week's Contest published in JOHN BULL dated Aug. 26, also Editor's decision in any matter of dispute, are accepted as final and legally binding. Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and families not eligible.

ADD 2, 3 or 4 WORDS to any "EXAMPLE" BELOW

THE BRITISH ARMY OVER IN FRANCE	AT ANY MOMENT PRECARIOUS POSITION
WHEN MONTY STRIKES	LIES AHEAD
MEN WHO KNOW	IN LOVE'S FAIRYLAND
WORRYING FRITZ	
WHAT WE'RE UP AGAINST	
ACE OF TRUMPS	
FOR REVENGE	
ON THE JOB	
PAID HIM WELL	
CHILDREN OF TO-MORROW	
BY LEAPS AND SOUNDS	
NO HERO	
HIT THE BULL'S-EYE	
SONNY'S STORY	
THE ENGINE STOPPED AND	

Six "Examples" below are for completion with any ONE additional word of your choice in the position indicated by dotted line. Then make "Bullets" from them as usual.

MISTAKE ..... MADE
THE ..... SMILED AND
SURE TO BE .....
LEFT ..... AGHAST
CHANGE OF .....
HARD TO .....

USE MARGIN IF DESIRED—CUT HERE

EXAMPLE .....
BULLET .....
EXAMPLE .....
BULLET .....
EXAMPLE .....
BULLET .....
EXAMPLE .....
BULLET .....

I agree to enter in accordance with the Rules and enclose P.O. or stamps entry-fee at the rate of 6d. for each two paid "Bullets," my remittance including 1d. for "Bullets" Bulletin dated Aug. 19.

IF PREFERRED, USE PLAIN PAPER OF COUPON SIZE.

P.O. Value .....
No. .....

2 FREE BULLETS allowed with 4 paid—enter in block margin below.

"BULLETS" No. 1,438

Signed .....
Address .....

EXTRA DAY TO POST—UNTIL TUESDAY, AUG. 8

ADDRESS ENTRY "BULLETS" 1,438—"JOHN BULL," LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.2 (Comp.).

Readily taken

It is never any trouble to get them to take *Lixen*. This gentle, pleasant-tasting corrective is non-griping and so mild that it is just as suitable for Kiddies as for grown-ups. Made from senna pods *Lixen* is completely safe and non-habit-forming.

LIXEN ELIXIR in bottles 2/3, 3/11, *LIXEN LOZENGES*, fruit flavoured, in bottles 1/8.
Purchase Tax included.

Made in England by ALLEN & HANBURYS LTD.

LIXEN THE GOOD-NATURED Laxative

QUICK HEALING *for all skin troubles*

Mother says this quick-healing antiseptic liquid helped Tommy to end that attack of irritating eczema. D.D.D. Prescription heals such obstinate skin disorders as dermatitis, acne, rashes and boils.

From all chemists. D.D.D. 1/5 a bottle (inc. tax). PRESCRIPTION

ENJOYS HER FOOD

Wishes she'd heard years ago of MOORLAND INDIGESTION TABLETS

"Some weeks back I was given some Moorland Indigestion Tablets. After taking them I got a supply from my local Chemist. I am pleased to tell you I can now enjoy my food, nothing disagrees with me. I wish I'd heard of them years ago." (Signed) Mrs. A. L., Launceston.

★ *Moorland Indigestion Tablets give instant relief from indigestion, biliousness, dyspepsia, flatulence, acidity, heartburn, palpitation, gastric catarrh and kindred troubles of the digestive organs. Sold at all chemists, 6½d. and 1/6d. including tax.*

GUARANTEED DISPATCH of DUTY FREE SMOKES

When you send FOUR SQUARE Tobacco and/or Cigarettes to men serving overseas or in the Royal Navy (ships in commission), or to P.O.W., a notification of dispatch is always sent direct from the manufacturers to your tobacconist, or to you if your order has been sent direct. We quote below an extract from a letter dated 3rd March, 1944, written by a Captain with the B.N.A.F.

"In view of the considerable publicity now devoted to cigarettes and tobacco being sent to the Services I think it only fair to let you know that every parcel that has been sent to me by you has arrived safely, from August '43 to a parcel posted in January of this year, which arrived ten days ago."

This letter, typical of many which may be inspected at our factory, is evidence of the care taken in dispatch of these vacuum packed goods.

All parcels so dispatched cost only quarter of the ordinary retail price. Ask your tobacconist for a printed order form, or in case of difficulty write direct to

GEO. DOBIE & SON LTD., (Duty Free Dept.), 9 Causeyside St., Paisley, Scotland

FOUR SQUARE

SOUND SLEEP..!

THE GREATEST OF ALL RESTORATIVES

Vironita, if taken before retiring, promotes Sound, Revitalising Sleep, the greatest of all Restoratives. Vironita stimulates the appetite and process of assimilation, thus enabling you to derive more benefits from your food. Vironita, by ensuring Sound Sleep and a Healthy Appetite, and providing valuable health-giving ingredients, promotes Vigorous Health.

Non-Alcoholic
Suitable for Children and Adults

STRONG DEMAND SHORT SUPPLY

SUPPLIES ARE BEING SHARED OUT AS EVENLY AND FAIRLY AS POSSIBLE

VIRONITA

M. CALTHORPE & CO., LTD.,
Manufacturing Chemists, Ossett

[photo Gainsborough]

Itma!

"It's That Man Again"—millions of delighted radio fans pay tribute to the quality of Tommy Handley's performance. *Quality* of performance has made Hercules Cycles the greatest name in the cycling world and their *long-running success* may well cause their fans to say: "It's That Machine Again."

HERCULES CYCLES

THE HERCULES CYCLE & MOTOR CO. LTD • Aston • Birmingham

ONE HUNDRED YEARS AGO
CO-OPERATION WAS BORN

THE GREATEST ACHIEVEMENT OF THE AGE

Compare the leisurely methods of news distribution a hundred years ago with those of to-day. Consider the few poor men of Rochdale in 1844 with their £28 of capital. Reflect that their brave experiment has had happy results in every part of the world. All honour to the pioneers.

Issued by the CO-OPERATIVE WHOLESALE SOCIETY LTD.

GW 1707 P

My friends know what Phosferine can do

"I always took Phosferine in liquid form when I felt weary or worn. Now it is Phosferine tablets I use and when I tell you I lead a very active life you will understand what I mean when I say I owe much to your tonic in either form. My friends have said they don't know how I keep on as I do, but they too know what Phosferine can do."

(*Signed*)
Mrs. M.R.,
Ipswich.

Phosferine is always ready to help a man or woman weary or run-down, replace lost energy. In either form, liquid or tablets, you will find Phosferine efficacious as a tonic. Ask your chemist for a bottle today.

1/4 (No. 1 size) & **3/3** (No. 2 size)
(Including Purchase Tax)

2 *Tablets equal* 10 *drops*

PHOSFERINE

Hey there, jump to it! You have to be fit for promotion, and here's the pleasantest way—
—every morning take
ENO'S
"FRUIT SALT"
2/- and 3/6 a bottle (tax inc.)

The perfect ointment for tender skins

For tender, rough or dry skin, the finest application is Germolene because it so closely resembles the natural oil of youthful, healthy skin. But Germolene soothes as well as softens. A touch of Germolene relieves itching, and irritation in a wonderful way—it relieves the agony of burns and scalds, and of painful cuts and abrasions as nothing else can. It cleans up septic conditions so that clean, clear new skin can rapidly form. If your skin needs help—get a tin of Germolene: 1/4 and 3/3 incl. Pur. Tax

use **Germolene**
ASEPTIC OINTMENT

—Soothes at a touch Heals your skin clean!

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JOHN BULL, week
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